REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

Edited by
RUTH WATERBUR

10¢

AUGUS

JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

Ruth Chatterton

Why is Hollywood's Going Highbrow!

GARBO LOVE'S STEPCHILD?

THE LARGEST NEWSSTAND SALE OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

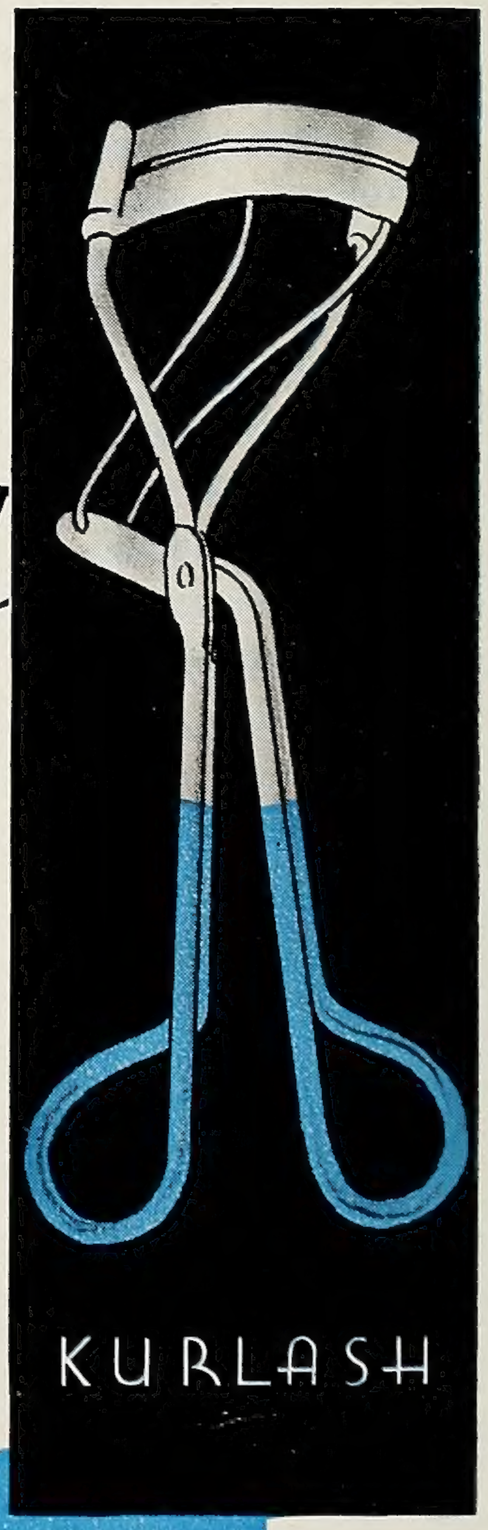


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THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.

FOX

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REFLECTING THE MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TEN

Silver Screen

AUGUST NINETEEN THIRTY ONE

RUTH WATERBURY
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COVER PORTRAIT OF RUTH CHATTERTON BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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A summer thrift idea

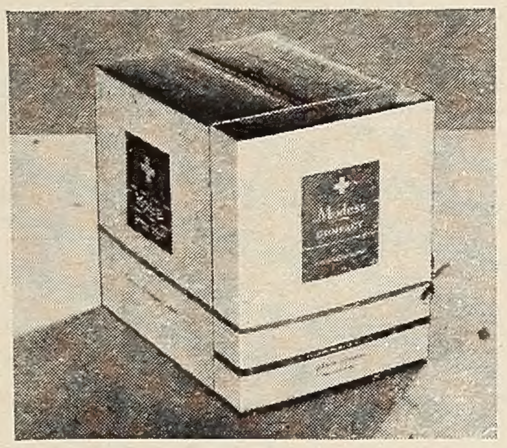
You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

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ALL THREE FOR 79¢



OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79c.

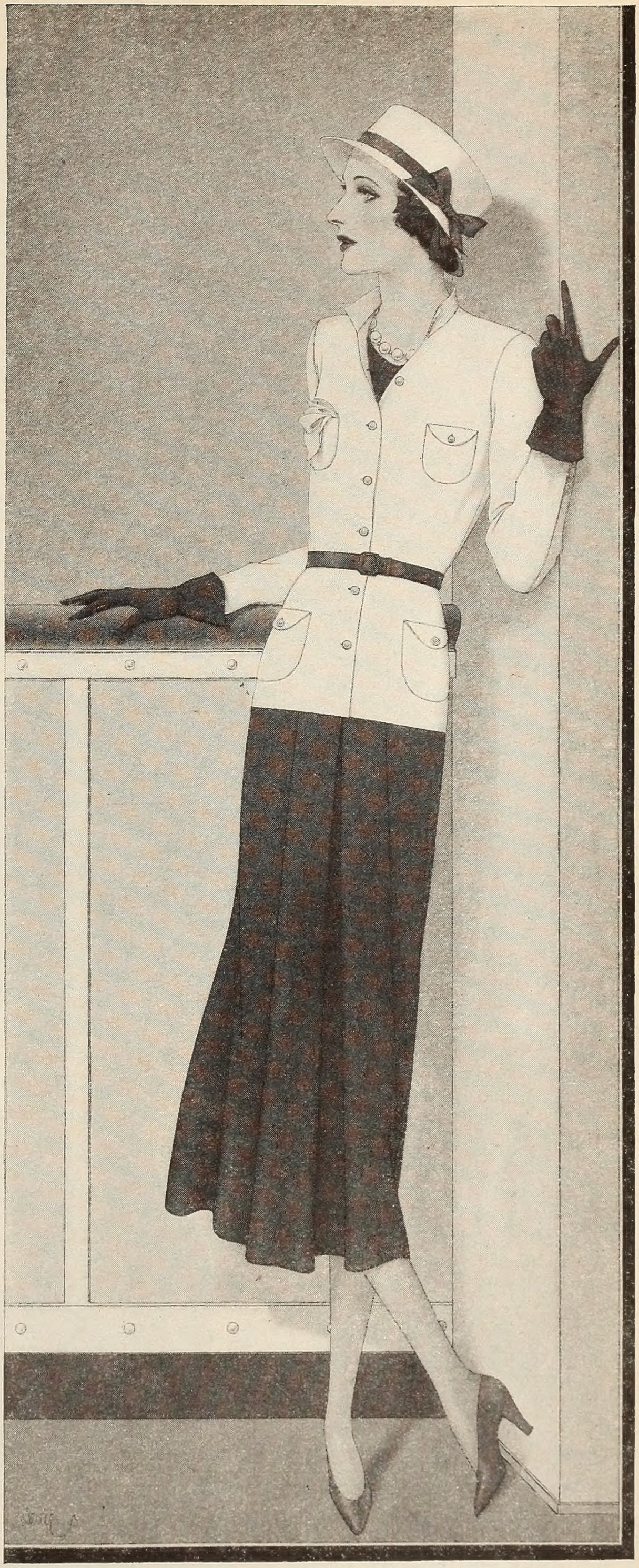
And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

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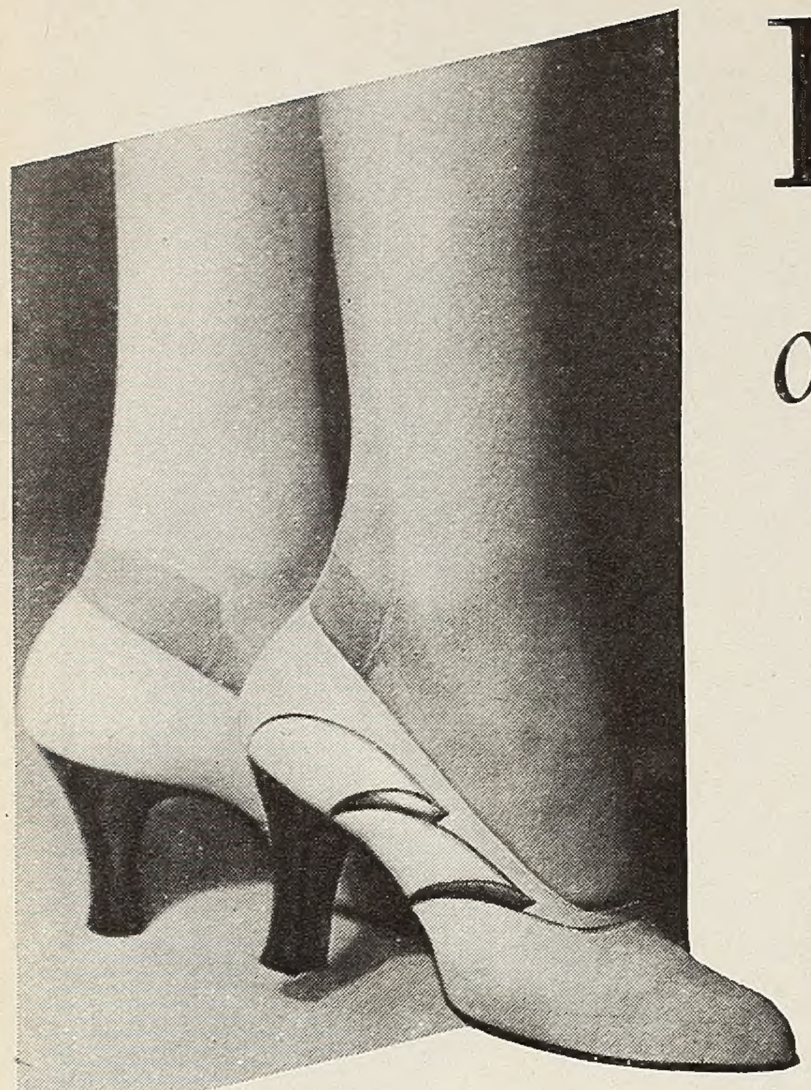
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Footnotes of Beauty

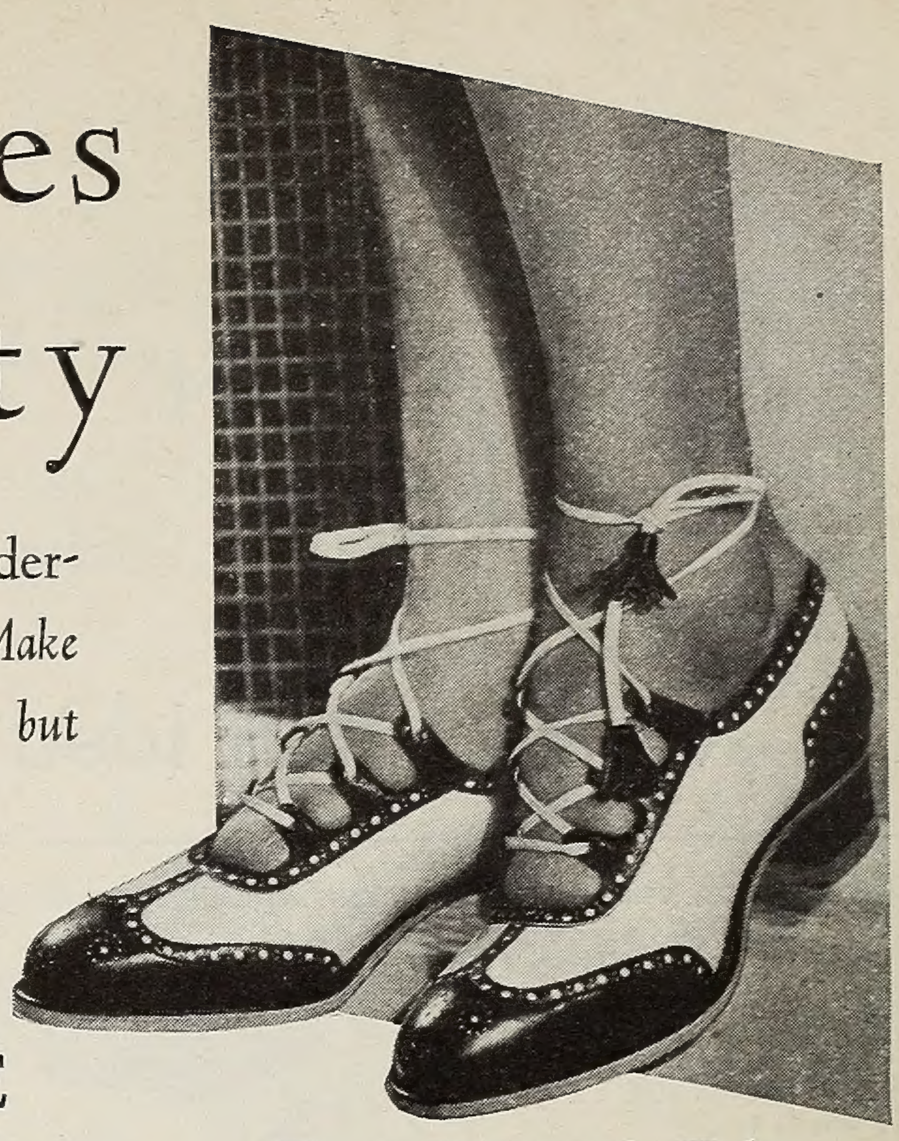
The Right Kind of Understanding Will Not Only *Make You Healthier and Happier but Very Much Prettier*

By

Mary Lee

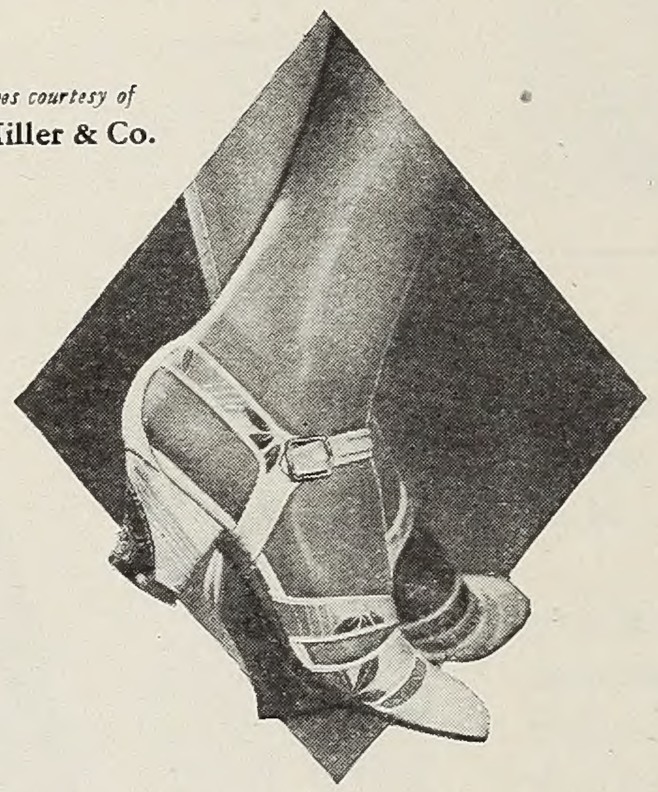


Delightful dress shoes of soft suede. Very smart, but not for walking



These Prince of Wales Oxfords are ideal for sports or country hiking

Shoes courtesy of
I. Miller & Co.



Aren't these pretty? And how they aid your foot health!



Walking shoes can be comfortable and smart, too

YOUR face depends upon your feet.

If you think that's a silly statement, just examine the faces of your unfortunate friends who have neglected their feet and got themselves an ugly crop of weak arches, bunions and such annoyances. You'll always see the strain visible in their faces. You'll see them constantly wrinkling their brows in pain. It's all so horrid and so unnecessary if you will only take a little care of yourself—and your shoes.

Now before you think I'm going maiden-auntish on you and going to advocate those broad-toed, flat-heeled shoes no girl ever wants to wear, I'll tell you I'm not. I don't like such shoes myself. But I am going to tell you about shoes that are both smart and sensible; when and how to wear them; and give you some foot exercises, too.

It's funny that when we know so much about the rest of our beauty, we seldom know the least thing about our feet. We've all learned the elementary rules for caring for our hair, our eyes, our teeth, our skin, our bodies as a whole, as represented in what we eat and drink and how we sleep. But to our poor feet which we trot about on constantly, which we use and use, we pay no attention.

Actually, the poor things need care and exercise quite as much as the figure does. They affect the figure and the face tremendously. And like all neglected relations, they repay care with such gratitude that they can contribute to our comfort all our lives.

Unfortunately, you can't separate modern feet from modern shoes, though they should be separated. I mean, modern feet ought to be allowed out in public life once in a while. But practically the only time they can make a personal appearance is in bed or the bathtub. The feet need air and sunshine. And quite the finest exercise you can give them is to walk them about, barefooted, on all kinds of surfaces.

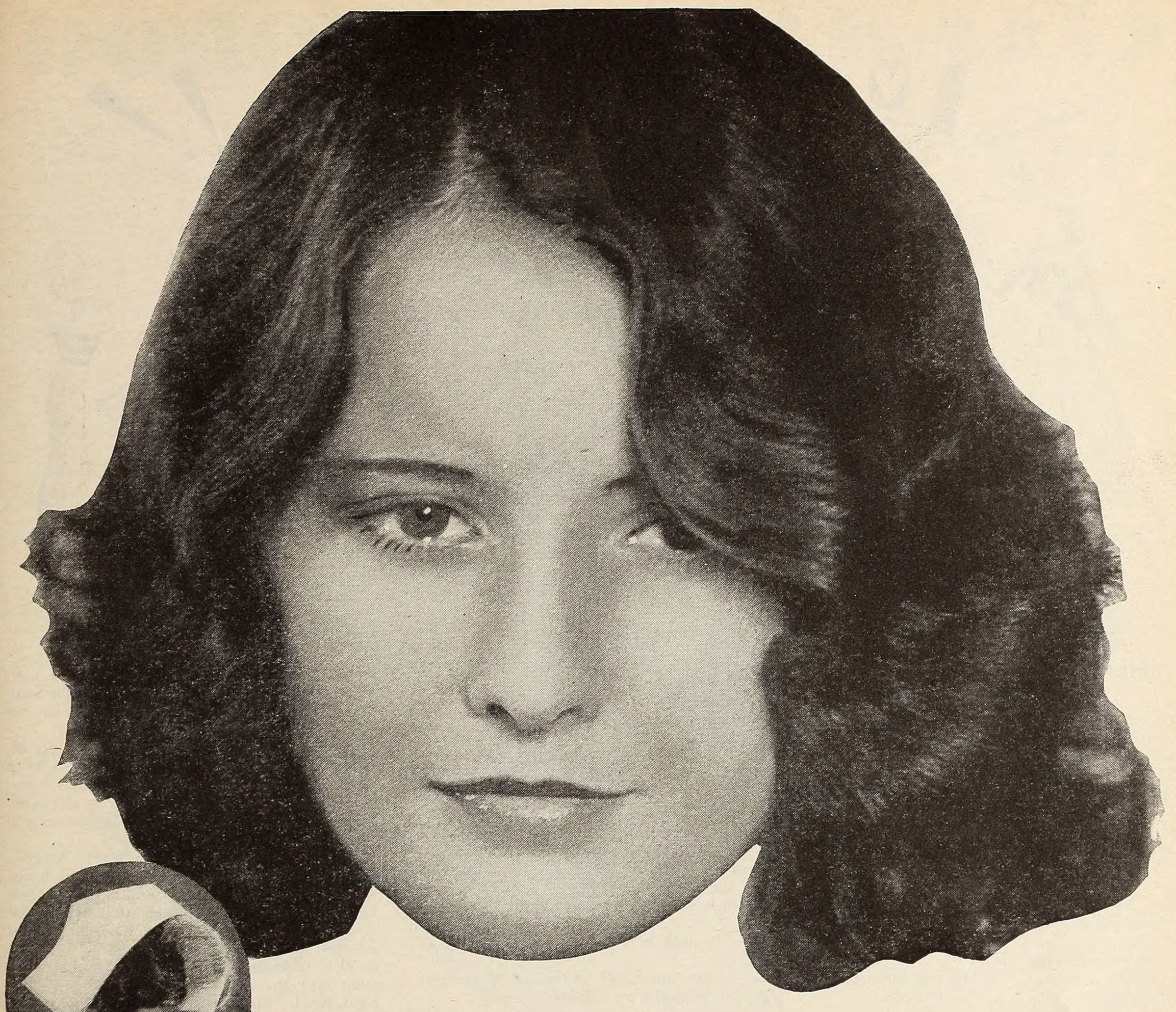
The most important part of the foot is the metatarsal arch. When it becomes weakened it is responsible for corns and bunions (because it allows the toes to spread and they are, in turn, crowded against the sides of the shoes, making your feet harder and harder to fit). If you discover that your shoes are never quite comfortable and that they are getting, pair by pair, harder to wear, take this as a warning. It means your metatarsal arch is weakening and you'd better do something about it right away.

But what, you ask? I'll tell you. First, you need several types of shoes. Second, you need foot exercise.

The kind of shoes you wear depends, naturally, on what you do with your feet. If you just cross them one [*Continued on page* 70]

BARGAINS IN BEAUTY

Mary Lee has lots of beauty bargains to offer. Do you want a nice clear skin, shining hair, a slender figure, a pleasing personality? She will be glad to give you rules of attaining them in exchange for a mere stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write Mary Lee, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York.



BARBARA

STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

BEN LYON
JOAN BLONDELL

From the novel *Night Nurse* by Dora Macy Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett Additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

Utterly revealing! *Night Nurse,* by the author of *Ex-Mistress,* is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night . . . After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin . . . She learns how to take them or to laugh them off . . . A nurse's thousand and one nights! . . . Not to be missed! . . .

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LOVE AND HISSES!!



THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize; $10 Second and $5 Third.

FIRST PRIZE

"SINGING A SONG TO THE STARS"

New Haven, Conn.

"Ninety-Nine Out of a Hundred" Greta Garbo
"When You're Smiling" Maurice Chevalier
"My Ideal" Ruth Chatterton
"So Beats My Heart For You" Robert Montgomery
"Hello Beautiful" Ann Harding
"My Baby Just Cares For Me".....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
"Bye, Bye Blues".....Marie Dressler
"Laughing at Life".....Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey
"You're Driving Me Crazy" Marlene Dietrich
"Blue Again" Stuart Erwin
"Three Little Words"...Janet Gaynor
"I Still Get A Thrill"...John Boles
"Cheerful Little Earful" Joan Bennett
"Be Careful With Those Eyes" Eddie Cantor
"Sing Song Girl" Jeanette MacDonald

Ruth W. Bitterlick

SECOND PRIZE

Salisbury, Maryland

FRANKLY and fearlessly I am going to speak my piece. I am fed up with and suffering from hearing arguments here, there and everywhere about the merits and demerits of this and that movie. Down here we have two small picture houses; we take what we can get and like it—or else! But why pick them all to pieces? Maybe they should be better, but if any of us theatre goers can write better ones, or act better than the actors, why not go Hollywood? (That goes for the critics, too!) Oh, I'm not so broadminded as to like all the tripe they shove down this way; but I don't think everyone else who does like what I don't is weak minded. Everyone loved "Common Clay." I did not. What does that make me? I used to enjoy Jack Oakie. Some people still do. I wouldn't miss a Greta Garbo film. Few of my friends care about her. My greatest weakness is Chester Morris.

Anyway, stars will come and stars will go, but I'll keep on going to the movies, good, bad and awful because I like 'em.

Sylvia Bartlett

THIRD PRIZE

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal.

SILVER SCREEN MAGAZINE

ome days are tiresome—
hardly know what to do.
ike a great many people, I long for
ariety! ! !
verything about the house
eminds me of dull routine.

o on such days, there is one diversion—
ertainly you know what I mean.
ush down town and
nter a MOVING PICTURE THEATRE!
agerly I seek a seat,
ot wishing to lose a second's time.

erry makers romp for me
nd
loomy, hard luck victims on the screen
re besought by villains vile—
ealous plain clothes men and gangsters
nteresting beyond description
onchalantly appear and disappear—until
vening steals upon me and—"DAY IS DONE!"

Mrs. A. Burns

THE FIRST LADY OF THE SCREEN

Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S the matter with Ruth Chatterton? I have seen every picture she has made since "Sins of the Fathers" and have exulted since "The Doctor's Secret" because I'd admired her lovely voice on the stage long before the screen won her.

With the showing of "Anybody's Woman" I felt a vague uneasiness which was accentuated in "The Right to Love" and climaxed in "Unfaithful."

I have a feeling that she is either growing careless (Heaven forbid!) or is deathly tired.

True, the stories she has had of late have not been worthy of her talents, but a good actress can lift an unworthy vehicle out of the mire of routine by the sheer beauty of her performance.

I'm not a 'prude' but I cannot countenance any such 'Dietrich' tactics as Miss Chatterton employed in "Unfaithful" as being necessary to the production.

Chatterton is billed as "The First Lady of the Screen," a title which is affectionately conceded by the majority of fans, a title which is her own, for to so many she represents the true gentlewoman, and in this hurrying, thoughtless, metallic age, isn't that an enviable title and worth holding?

Kay Yarborough

WAR PICTURES

Hollywood, Cal.

I MOST emphatically disagree with the lady from Baltimore who wails—Give us not war, but laughter.

Hollywood overdoes everything, no doubt, in its effort to please the public, but some of these great war stories have combined tears, laughter, love and hate in emotions so poignant as to make the next war harder to put across.

War stories will help abolish war! A problem is never solved by shoving it into the background of our minds. A room is not cleaned by sweeping the dirt under the sofa. The greatest tragedies of history have happened because some of a nation's ascetics were too good to hear the truth of the happenings that went on right under their noses. Bring it to light, say I. Show us the horrors; show us the beauty, not of war, but of humans under the stress of war.

And then, too, there are stars whose great acting abilities we might have missed had it not been for the war stories.

Leslie M. Rose

HAVE YOU NOTICED THESE THINGS?

San Francisco, Cal.

I AM GOING to air my pet peeve and get it out of my system.

The screen needs a director of Technical Directors—some person with sense enough to know that Winchester repeating rifles were not invented in time to be used by the whites who battled Indians on the plains during the Gold Rush Days—and this is but a minor mistake.

Traffic in England travels on the left-hand side of the street, but our Technical Directors never seem to think of that when making an English street scene in America. In horse-racing, also, the English horse runs around the track in the same direction as a watch hand travels, while in America the reverse is practised—but whoever saw an English racing scene pictured correctly?

I sometimes pity the poor Northwest Mounted Policeman of the pictures. He travels about in forty below zero weather with a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and high, oil-tanned boots. I lived in the Northland long enough to know how soon he would have frozen ears and feet if so dressed.

So let's have a director to show these Technical Directors how things are done.

Jeanne Rawlinson

DOROTHY MACKAILL



in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

Based on Arthur Richman's play, Ambush. Adapted by Florence Ryerson
A John Francis Dillon Production
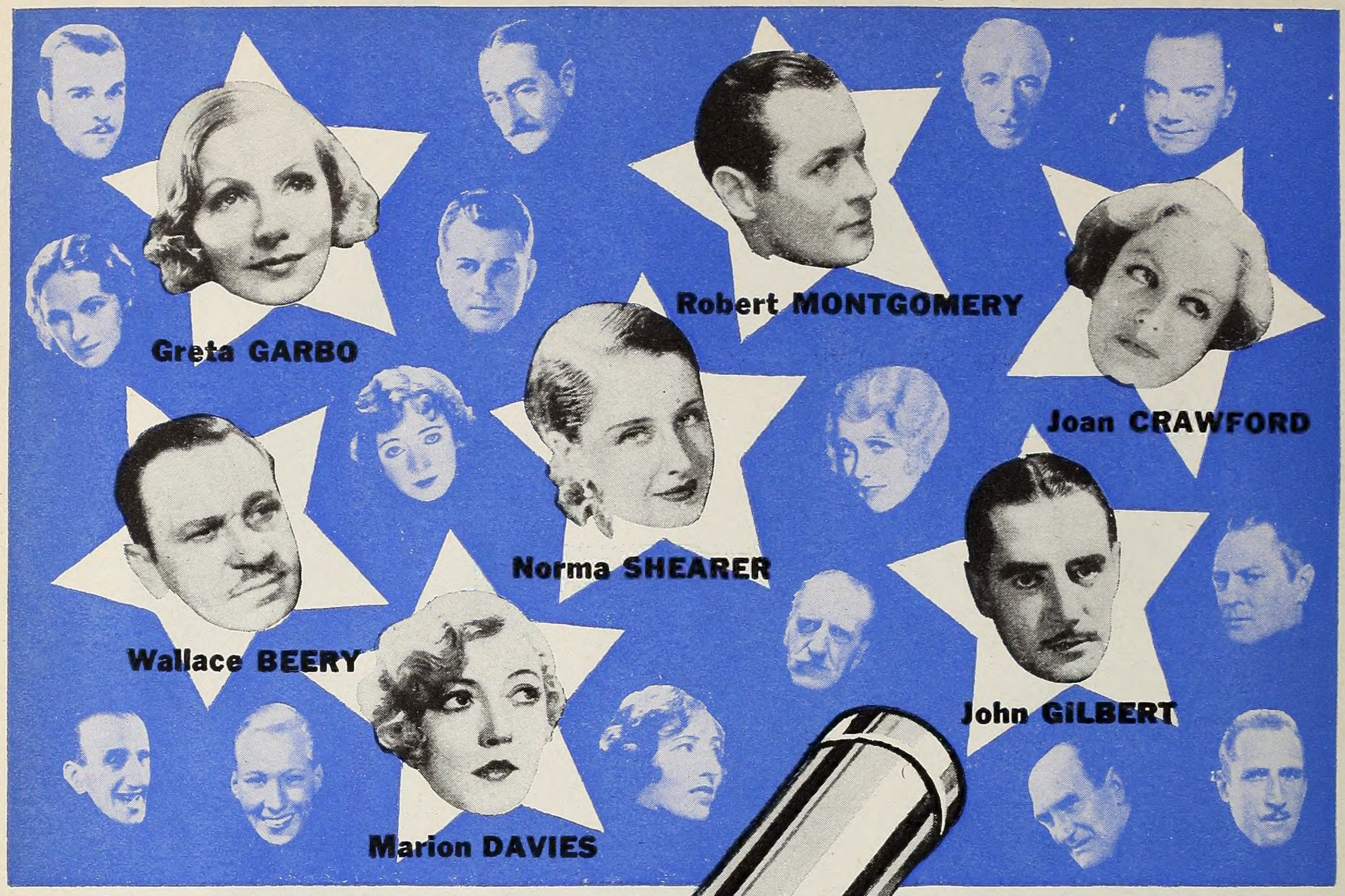
Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another . . . Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men . . . But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.





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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS
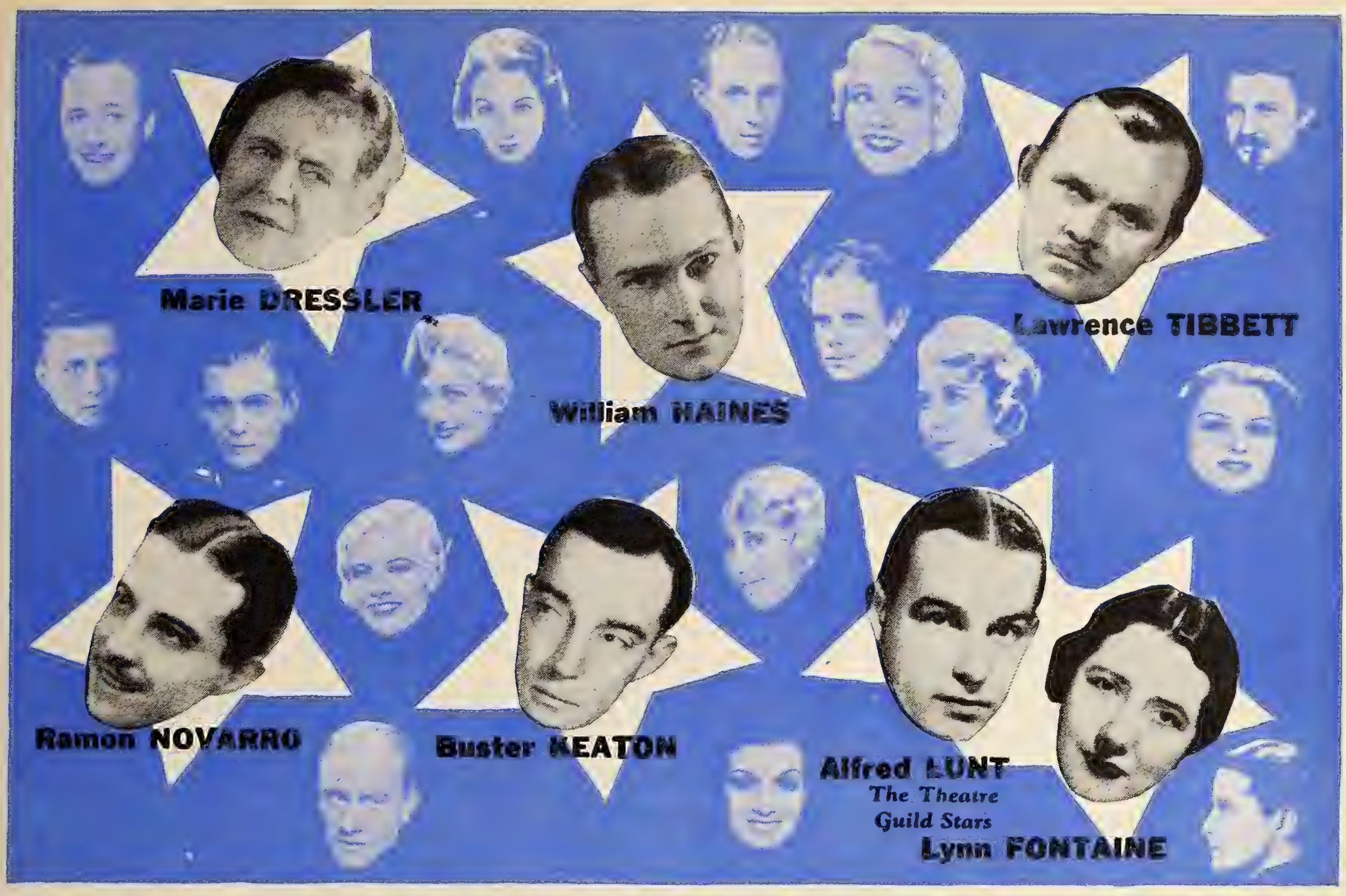
Leo's crown fits him better than ever!



IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby, Reginald Denny, Neil Hamilton, John Miljan, Irene Purcell, Lionel Barrymore, Kent Douglass, Helen Hayes, Ray Milland, Marjorie Rambeau, Edwin Bartlett, James Durante, Leila Hyams, C. Montenegro, C. Aubrey Smith, William Bakewell, Cliff Edwards, Jean Hersholt, Polly Moran, Ruth Selwyn, Charles Bickford, Phyllis Elgar, Hedda Hopper, Karen Morely, Gus Shy, Lilian Bond, Madge Evans, Leslie Howard, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Edwina Booth, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan, Ivor Novello, Ernest Torrence, John Mack Brown, Ralph Graves, Joan Marsh, Monroe Owsley, Lester Vail, Janet Currie, Charlotte Greenwood, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page, Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"

Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"

Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

and many others

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

GOLDWYN-MAYER

Ask Me Another

By

Sally Forth

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ESTELLE SCHLESINGER: Do you know more people have asked me about Marlene Dietrich's piano playing than about anything else this month? Well, to answer you and everybody else in the same breath, Marlene really did the piano playing herself. She is an accomplished musician and originally studied at Berlin for the concert stage. The only reason she abandoned the idea of a musical career was because she injured her left hand through over-practising.

And now to get down to brass tacks, one of the piano pieces played by Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored" was the "Danube Waves Waltz," by Ivanovici, published by Carl Fisher.

The other was an original piano composition by a Paramount composer, which was written especially for "Dishonored," and has not been published in any shape, form or manner.

SALLY BEARD: Olive Borden married Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, on March 28. I have no record of his having been previously married.

H. L.: Greta Garbo appeared in only one *talking* picture in a foreign language, although she made several foreign pictures on the continent before coming to this country with Stiller. But those were in the days of silence. "Anna Christie" in German is the only talking picture in a foreign version in which she has thus far appeared.

JIMMIE NOWLIN: I have wanted to help you, but you didn't send your full address or enclose a stamped addressed envelope, so I couldn't write you personally, and I couldn't tell from your letter just what you wanted to know about James Hall and Chester Morris. You said, "I believe you know what I want," but believe me, I didn't.

I'll tell you a little about James Hall's career, though, and maybe that will help. His real name is James Brown and he was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 22, 1900. He was educated at Thornton, Texas, and at Military School. He appeared in musical comedies in New York and entered pictures in 1924.

You can find out lots of things about Chester Morris's career in SILVER SCREEN's article on Chester in its July issue.

GEORGE BAGLEY: Mitzi Green is ten years old, about 53 inches tall, and Mitzi is her real name. She was named after Mitzi Hajos, the Hungarian star. Mitzi takes her surname from her mother, Rosie Green; but if she were called after her father, she'd be Mitzi Keno.

LORETTA OF LEXINGTON: Nancy Carroll works for the Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood. You can get a picture of Elissa Landi by writing to the Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

HARTFORD: Hedda Hopper played the part of the woman who acted as Connie Bennett's hostess at her country home in "The Easiest Way."

She is an American girl, having been born in Pennsylvania. Her real name is Elda Furry.

Lilyan Tashman was born in New York City, and is Mrs. Edmund Lowe in private life.

Winnie Lightner's real name is Winifred Hanson, and she is married to George Holtrey.

Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson, who was seen on the screen in "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and other pictures. She also had quite a successful career on the stage and in vaudeville.

Constance Bennett was born in New York and Joan Bennett in Palisades, N. J., but their official biographies don't give any more about their nationalities than just that. Next to getting information about the stars' home addresses and religions, the hardest questions to answer are those about their nationalities. In most of us so many strains have mingled that it is hard to say just what we are.



Remember little Edna Best, the girl who ran away from John Gilbert and talkies to get back to her husband in New York? Well, here's the husband, handsome British Herbert Marshall making his American picture debut in "Secrets of a Secretary" for Paramount

CONNIE B.: I don't think Harry Richman will make any more pictures, since his one and only flicker effort, "Puttin' On The Ritz," flickered out without doing him the least bit of good. He's a big shot on Broadway, but so far as movie fans went, he wasn't popular. Someone might bite my ear off for saying that, but s' help me, it's the truth.

GRETA AND JOAN: Well, you've certainly picked an up-and-coming young man in Clark Gable. He's the hero of the month, judging by the way the inquiries are rolling in. Ah, me! He's got that certain something.

To get down to dry statistics, he is thirty years old, is six feet one inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, which makes him American by birth, but he's German by descent.

It's still pretty much of a secret, but the lad is married.

A NOVARRO FAN: So when you heard that Ramon Novarro was making no more English pictures, you sat down and cried. Well, dry your tears, for Ramon is going to make "Son of India" and all will be well. If you haven't yet seen Ramon in "Daybreak," his latest picture, a treat awaits you.

GLORIA'S ADMIRER: There was a large picture of Gloria Swanson in the art section of the May issue of SILVER SCREEN, and interesting pictures of Joan Crawford appeared in the March and June issues.

Gloria Swanson works for United Artists.

Marlene Dietrich is twenty-six years old.

She and Garbo have not met yet, so far as I know.

Joan Crawford's hair is reddish in color, but she goes blonde in her latest pictures, "Laughing Sinners" and "This Modern Age."

I've heard the rumor that Chester Morris might do "The Sheik," but I don't think it's true. At present Chester is scheduled to appear in "Corsair." He has a hand in the selection of the stories in which he appears, and I don't think he'll ever consent to "The Sheik." He isn't trying to be a second Valentino, you know.

MORY: There was once upon a time a school of acting in the East conducted by the Paramount Company, but it went out of existence a couple of years ago.

There's a casting office at the Paramount Studios at Astoria, L. I., but there's practically no chance for a newcomer without stage or screen experience to break in.

GUIDE *to the* BIG SHOWS !

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A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives . . . Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

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TALKIES *in* TABLOID



(Reviewlets of pictures previously reviewed at length that tell you in a second which are the best films to see—or to stay away from. Use these as your guide to entertainment.)

BEYOND VICTORY *Fair (Pathé)* A war yarn about four American boys who tell bits of their life stories during a siege. Interesting in spots, but in spite of Bill Boyd's fine acting, not great enough to make the public go for another war picture.

BIG BUSINESS GIRL *Fair (First Nat.)* Loretta Young and Frank Albertson are teamed together in this refreshing picture of young love. Its weakness lies in the slimness of its plot, which deals with the way in which a girl boosts her husband to success.

BORN TO LOVE *Good (Pathé)* A sophisticated story so frankly handled that it may offend many people. However, the glamorous Constance Bennett is in it, and she'll win your sympathy and make you cry. She plays an American aviatrix who loves not wisely but too well. Joel McCrea and Paul Cavanaugh are the men.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON *Good (Fox)* If you're looking for a mystery picture with a sufficient number of murders to make it fairly exciting, here it is. Warner Oland plays the quaint Chinese sleuth who uses Oriental cunning to round up the murderer.

CITY STREETS *Good (Paramount)* Gary Cooper in a picture which combines romantic love interest with an exciting gangster plot. He gets into a racket to get his girl out of jail, and then it looks as if both of them will be "put on the spot." Sylvia Sidney and Gary are splendid.

CONQUERING HORDE *Fair (Paramount)* An old-fashioned Western that doesn't do much for any member of the cast, not even Richard Arlen. It's dull and mediocre entertainment for adults, though children may find the fight with the Indians exciting.

DAYBREAK *Good (M-G-M)* The romance of a philandering lieutenant who learns about heartbreak after leaving the girl who loves him and with whom he has had an affair. You'll like Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler as the lovers.

DIRIGIBLE *Great (Columbia)* Thrilling, exciting, with air scenes that make you catch your breath! It's the story of a dash to the South Pole, and of an aviator who almost lost his wife in his mad pursuit of adventure. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray all perform well.

DUDE RANCH *Good (Paramount)* Jack Oakie kids the great Wild West. He tries to drum up business on a dude ranch by posing as a wicked killer, and puts it over till some real bad men show up. Oakie's good and Mitzi Green helps out plenty.

IT'S A WISE CHILD *Good (M-G-M)* Marion Davies in a rollicking comedy about a girl who says she is about to become the mother of a child in order to get rid of an unwelcome suitor. James Gleason contributes some grand comedy as Cool Kelly, an iceman who becomes involved with the housemaid.

FREE SOUL, A *Great (M-G-M)* A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there is a gripping courtroom climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

FRONT PAGE, THE *Great (United Artists)* The rowdiest, fastest moving, most riotous comedy of newspaper life it's ever been our good fortune to see. Adolphe Menjou turns in a slick performance as a managing editor who'll stop at nothing to keep his best reporter from leaving him and getting married. Mary Brian's the girl.

HELL BOUND *Good (Tiffany)* Leo Carrillo's fine performance as an Italian gangster saves this picture from being a mere blurred copy of "Little Cæsar." This is really a one-man picture, and that one man makes it well worth seeing. The rest of the cast is ordinary, but you mustn't miss Carrillo's acting.

INDISCREET *Good (United Artists)* Rib-tickling entertainment. Not as dramatic as "The Trespasser," but a grand mixture of farce, slapstick, musical comedy and drama about a woman who almost loses her own fiancé while trying to save her sister from the man who ruined her past. Gloria Swanson is good, though a bit kittenish at times, and Ben Lyon's grand.

IRON MAN, THE *Good (Universal)* A worth-while prize-fight picture about a prize-fighter whose career in the ring is hindered by an unscrupulous wife. While Lew Ayres is the star of the picture, Robert Armstrong as his manager practically steals the honors.

FINGER POINTS, THE *Good (First Nat.)* An exciting gangster film which carries a thrill even though it lacks plausibility. Richard Barthelmess plays an idealistic young reporter who is corrupted by bribes and unfair treatment by his newspaper. When his newspaper breaks a story he had promised not to print, he is "put on the spot" by gangsters.

KICK IN *Good (Paramount)* Clara Bow goes dramatic but Regis Toomey gets all the breaks. He plays an ex-convict who tries to go straight, and Clara's his loyal wife. Opinion will be divided on this, but given a better break and a more modern story, it looks as if Clara will crash through in her next drama. Regis Toomey steals this one.

LADIES' MAN *Fair (Paramount)* William Powell in an unsympathetic rôle which even he cannot make appealing. He's a gigolo who accepts money from a married woman and also makes love to her daughter, until his Big Moment, Kay Francis, comes along. Kay, with a new coiffure, isn't as smart in appearance as usual.

[*Continued on page 62*]

If it's FUN you're after...

— "Those Mack Sennett Comedies with Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Harry Gribbon are the funniest two-reelers being produced today."

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

IN your city, and every other city, critics acclaim the side-splitting, laugh-till-you-cry comedy hits from *Educational*. More vital than vitamins are laughs. And naturally the world's largest comedy producers, specialists in fast and furious fun, give you the biggest and best laughs always. Watch for the theaters that show them. Tell the managers how much you like them. Then you'll see more of these funstars as shown below in "Ghost Parade", one of *Educational's*—

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A Movie-Fan's Crossword Puzzle

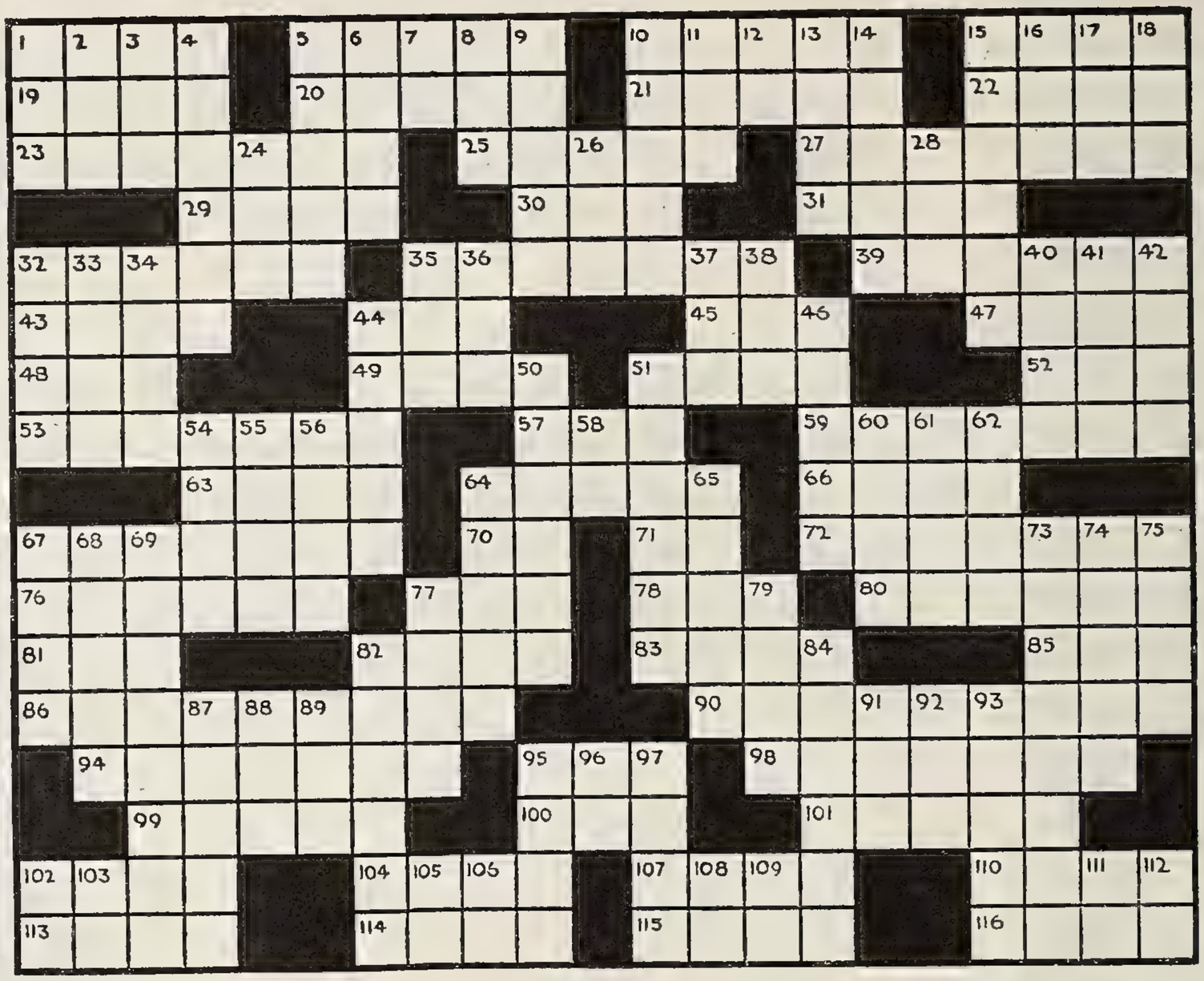
By Alma Talley



95 Across



15 Across





46 Down



36 Down

ACROSS

1 Mrs. Ben Lyon
5 Trite
10 What producers call their big pictures
15 America's sweetheart
19 Leading man in "Broadway Scandals"
20 A camera man's term
21 To give forth
22 On the sheltered side
23 Sennett comedienne, now dead
25 New star of "Body and Soul"
27 Songs
29 Very black
30 Girl Chevalier "discovered"
31 Open space
32 What a girl needs to be to pass a screen test
35 Spendthrift
39 Ridges
43 A well-born woman
44 Stars get this way lying on the beach at Malibu
45 The M-G-M lion
47 Shoulder piece of a dress
48 Native mineral
49 River in Italy
51 Russian star of "A Dangerous Woman"
52 Clara's boy friend
53 Jean Hersholt's native country
57 Mr. Vilma Banky
59 Leading lady of Chaplin's "The Circus"
63 Malarial fever
64 Groups of musicians
66 A scenario writer's first need
67 The colleen in "Song O' My Heart"
70 Printer's measure
71 A Clara Bow film
72 Gaining by work
76 Except when
77 A game played by stars' children
78 An English actor's afternoon meal
80 One who laments
81 Insect egg
82 Stratagem
83 Hindu god of departed spirits
85 No—as Ernest Torrence said it back in Scotland
86 A constant traveler
90 Sleeping quarters in those college films
94 A D. W. Griffith patriotic picture
95 Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna
98 Travelogue films
99 Apart
100 Consumed
101 Cognizant of
102 Jeff's pal
104 Something seldom seen in sunny California
107 Old
110 What a film does at the final fade-out
113 Monkeys
114 Not dangerous
115 What an actor plays
116 Greek portico

DOWN

1 Mr. Bebe Daniels
2 What most actors have to excess
3 Where liquor is served
4 Hostility
5 Mrs. Rod La Rocque
6 Mack Sennett comedian
7 No good (slang)
8 Entire number
9 What extras hope to play
10 A duck with soft down
11 Greek letter
12 Part of to be
13 American island in West Indies
14 Kid who made a hit in "Finn and Hattie"
15 Illness
16 After the manner of (French)
17 A color
18 What She says to Him in the last reel
24 Insect
26 A lacy fabric
28 Star once known as "Cuddles"
32 To trudge
33 Uncommon
34 World's most famous garden
35 Theme of "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front"
36 Star of "East Lynne"
37 Wing of a house
38 Something you walk on
40 What bulls do if you make them mad
41 Pieced out
42 Kind of films that get censored
44 Captured
46 Paramount's comedian star
50 A color
51 A freak
54 Female horse
55 Grows old
56 Regrets
58 On top of
60 Kind of cheese
61 Roman Emperor once portrayed by Jannings
62 Famous book by Zola
64 What the heroine calls the villain in melodramas
65 In place of
67 Star of "Seven Faces"
68 A page from M-G-M's list of stars
69 Final
73 What gangsters on trial always claim to be
74 Approaches
75 A color
77 Large fish
79 Andy's pal
82 Fast automobiles
84 A covered walk
87 Where birds live
88 Silkworm
89 To free from
91 A cat's favorite word
92 Mrs. John Gilbert
93 Something an actor has on his car
95 The Boop-boop-a-doop baby
96 Near
97 A long time in a film star's life
102 Mamma
103 Above
105 Scoriated lava
106 Provided that
108 To move
109 Swede comic
111 Perform
112 Something bathing beauties must have (abbreviation)

(In response to your request the puzzle answer isn't in this issue. The answer—and a brand new puzzle—will be printed next month.)

Silver Screen's Movietown Topics



AS WE go to press, rumor persists that Clara Bow has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a series of pictures.

Perfectly grand, if true. For when you think how skillfully this company has handled such diverse actresses as Garbo, Shearer and Crawford, you can imagine what they could do to the girl who still has plenty of Art as well as It.

WHISPERS well up, also, that things aren't happy with "Merely Mary Ann" and Janet Gaynor.

This is to be the first Gaynor-Farrell picture since Charlie's marriage to Virginia Valli.

The first cause of trouble came over the casting of Beryl Mercer as a hard-hearted little old lady who pushed Janet and Charlie around. Janet didn't like that idea and intimated she might go back to Honolulu.

LIKEWISE comes the hint that maybe Nancy Carroll isn't quite as heart free as she is claiming. It seems there's a writing chap named Bolton Mallory Nancy's been seeing a lot of, and some people do say that Nancy may be Mrs. Mallory shortly after she ceases to be Mrs. Kirkland.

WILL Garbo really retire?

Ominous, if true, is the news that Garbo will appear in a stage play in Austria this summer. Max Reinhardt wants her to play as a tragedienne under his direction, and the Austrian newspapers say that she has accepted his invitation. They say that she will give the opening performance at Max Reinhardt's new private open air theatre in Leopoldskron, and that she will later appear on the stage in Vienna and Berlin.

Garbo got her early theatrical training at the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden, while La Dietrich attended Max Reinhardt's school of drama.

But since the Sphinx herself has told the world nothing of her plans, we can only hope that the Austrian papers are all wet.

BEBE DANIELS has just finished "The Honor of the Family" and is temporarily retiring from the screen. Her reason is the same that Norma Shearer had for going into temporary retirement—she's expecting the arrival of the stork. And like Norma Shearer, she'll be back later.

THE gang at M-G-M isn't letting Renee Adoree down while she's pluckily fighting for health and life and laughter down at a sanatorium at Prescott, Arizona. She got her car out of storage the other day, wanting to sell it because she needed the money. The boys at M-G-M decided they could get more money for her by raffling it off instead of selling it outright, so that's what they're doing. Charles Bickford took it to one of his service stations and put it in first class shape.

CARMEL MYERS, who played the jilted gal in Barrymore's picture, "Svengali," was attending an opening recently when someone in the crowd yelled, "Hello, Joan."

"Hello, yourself," said Carmel.

"Why did you do that?" her escort asked her. "They think you are Joan Crawford."

"I know," retorted Carmel, "but I don't want them to think that Joan is high-hat."

SPEAKING of Joan, her trip abroad is postponed indefinitely. She and Doug Junior planned three months in Europe and worked their heads off nights and Sundays to get their pictures finished in time.

When the pictures were all finished, they called Joan back for retakes because they didn't like the work of one of her leading men, Johnny Mack Brown. He was taken out of the cast of "Laughing Sinners" and all Joan's scenes with him had to be remade with Clark Gable in the part, instead.

Young Doug didn't want to go abroad without Joan, so the two of them are going to get right back to work without any vacation in Europe at all.

[*More Movietown Topics on page* 42]

Why *is* Garbo Love's

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

One of the Greatest Analysts of Motion Pictures writes of the Garbo She Knew in 1925—and the Woman She Knows Today



The evolution of a Swedish girl—the 1931 Garbo, the woman of the world who is a law unto herself

GRETA GARBO isn't the girl she used to be. Did love change her? Is she, this glamorous girl, a mere stepchild of love?

I remember her so well before she became Hollywood's mystery woman. I remember interviews she gave and all manner of news photographs for which she posed. And I also have my own pet theory about what has turned the human, naïve Swedish girl who arrived in New York City on the S. S. Drottingholm in the summer of 1925 wearing casual sport clothes and devoid of any make-up into an enigmatic recluse with a mouth like a scarlet stain.

If you're interested—and who isn't when it's Garbo being talked about—let me remind you, first of all, of the old Garbo. She probably isn't so very different from the present Garbo at that, except on the surface.

They called her the Norma Shearer of Sweden. Not that she looked remotely like our own Norma. Not that she looked remotely like anyone but herself. That was only a line to pique the public's interest, as if Greta wasn't quite capable of doing that by herself. For even when she was a stranger in America, before she had reached into our film heavens to stake her claim to the brightest star of all, Greta Garbo was definitely an individual.



The shy Greta of 1925, obediently doing what she was told, even to hugging lion cubs for publicity

As I write I see again the drawing-room of her suite in a midtown hotel. It was filled with flowers. Greta was so pleased about them. The extravagant gestures of our movie producers where their box-office attractions are concerned were new to her. She didn't pretend she was accustomed to hundreds of dollars' worth of the hothouse varieties in her rooms, and you liked her for it. You liked her tremendously. She gave you every opportunity to.

She had just come in from a shopping expedition that day. She was wearing her hat, a black turban threaded with gold like her hair. Her black suit had leopard fur on it. It wasn't an especially well-fitted or distinctive costume but she gave it importance.

Because she spoke only a few words of English, Mauritz Stiller acted as an intermediary in our conversation. I've often thought in the last two or three years what a pity it is that he didn't live to see all of his hopes for his lovely protegée realized. Garbo had gained a good measure of success before he died, of course, but the talkies hadn't yet increased her fame. She hadn't yet become as

Stepchild?

much of a legendary figure as the older stars. Perhaps he knew how it would be, though.

They were both so happy that day. They stood on the threshold of even greater fame than they had known in Europe.

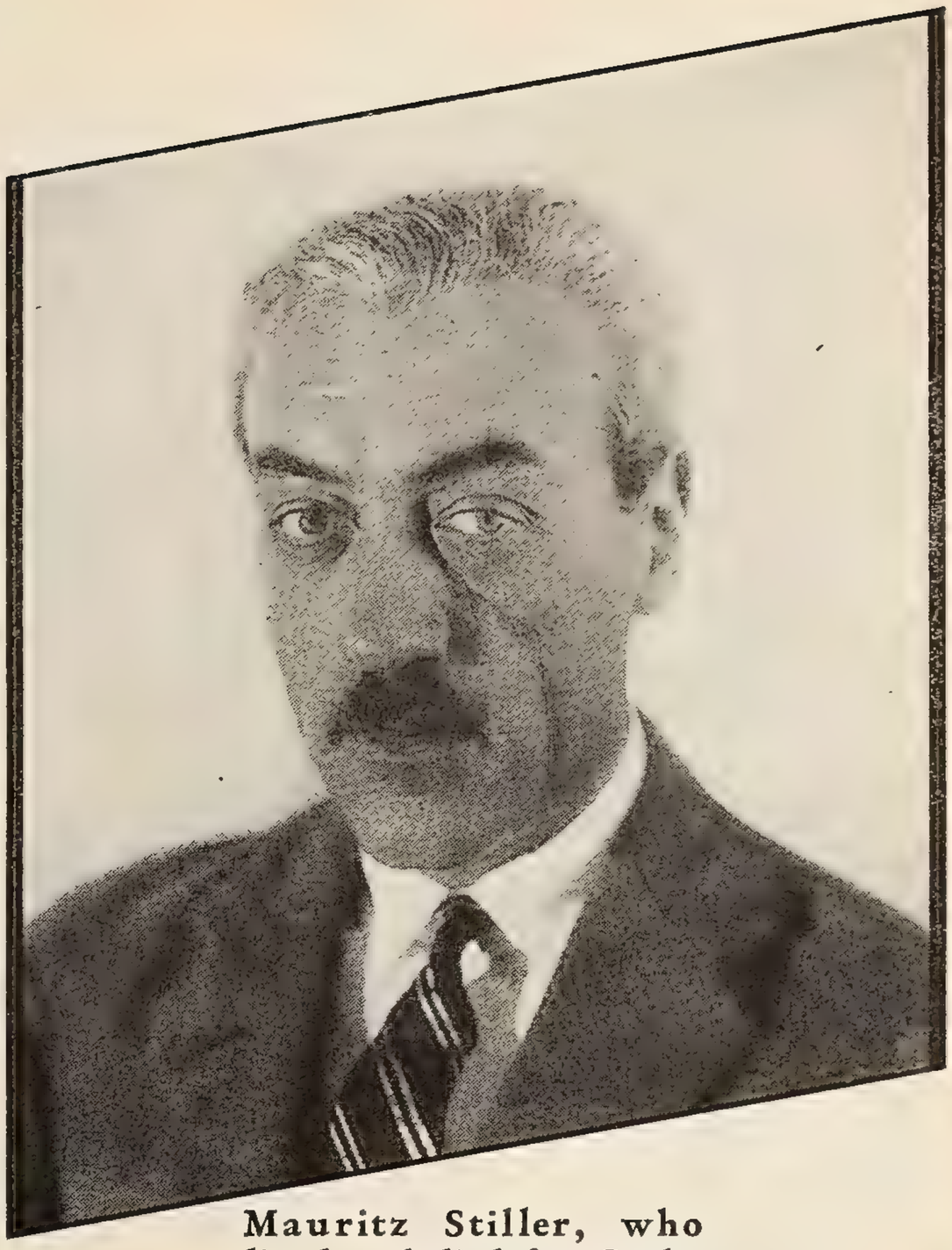
I asked where Greta had been since arriving in New York and what she had seen. And she was frank enough to explain that the evening before they had gone to the Ziegfeld Follies. Having heard about the Follies beauties for years, she had been curious to see how she would compare with them.

Human enough. There was no suggestion of a sphinx about Greta in those days.

In spite of the indirect conversation there was something very personal about that interview. Undoubtedly, Greta was largely responsible for this. She had her great damask chair pulled up so it would be part of a friendly group and while Mr. Stiller explained to her what I had asked she would look at me and smile or nod in the friendliest way. And once, I remember, she pushed her little hat back on her head as if it was tight.

Gloria Swanson was one of her favorites. And she said she wanted to play parts like those Gloria played, silken ladies who wore beautiful, luxurious clothes. Either that or she wanted to do "funny acting."

However, eager as Greta was to get to the film capital, she must have been a [*Continued on page* 76]



Mauritz Stiller, who lived and died for Garbo



Garbo and Gilbert enriched the romance of the world by love scenes such as this in "The Flesh and the Devil"



She Loves a Good Fight

And Ina Claire Has Won Her Hardest One Against Hollywood Itself

By Allan Jordan

PERHAPS I will get smacked down for even mentioning it, but of the many women I have met from the world of make-believe—the theatre or the screen, as you will—two stand out above all others in my memory as possessing the steadfast purpose, the intelligence, and the all-compelling love of acting which never admits defeat.

Mary Pickford is one, and Ina Claire is the other.

Ina Claire lives for her work. I blush when I write it. That phrase has become positively nauseous in Hollywood. It has been prattled by dozens of dizzy blonde damsels who didn't have a brain in their pretty heads. It is really true of Ina Claire, one of the least understood, and most misquoted of stars in the empire of the cinema.

If you are to understand how Ina Claire changed her first defeat in the studios to striking success, or why her marriage failed with the silent screen's greatest lover, John Gilbert, you must know something of the real Ina.

She has fought her way to the very top rung of success on the New York stage. There is no more brilliant actress in the American theatre. Ticket agencies in New York guaranteed her every play for six weeks. Whether the vehicle was good or bad, Ina Claire's name brought the public to the box-office. She won her place in the sun by work. She studied costuming, set designing, play writing and acting. She is a devout student of things theatrical. And yet, one of the first ladies of our theatre, she came to Hollywood and there she flopped dismally.

"The Awful Truth," which introduced her to motion picture fans, was not accorded runs in the front rank theatres of the big cities. In small towns she was billed merely as "Mrs. John Gilbert." Ina Claire, whose very name had packed houses in every great metropolis in America!

"It wasn't a bad picture," Ina told me. "It came just before the era of popularity for smart, sophisticated high comedy. I could also tell you that the picture was terribly weakened in the cutting. Motivating scenes were left out. But the fault was mine, too. I played the rôle much better on the stage. I was too brittle on the screen. I didn't seem myself at all. I don't think even yet that I have given my best to the screen. At least, I am not satisfied."

When the picture was released, Pathé bought up Ina's unfinished contract. They had no intention of starring her in any other pictures. Not another studio made her an offer. Did Ina go back to New York where stage producers were still clamoring for her? Not Ina Claire. She's Irish. Shanty Irish she calls herself, and she's a fighter. She wasn't going to be licked, and by that time she was tremendously interested in the new medium.

She did "Rebound" on the Los Angeles stage. Most of her stage hits of the past also played Los Angeles, but it was "Rebound" that convinced Hollywood producers that she was something more than the girl who married John Gilbert. That play won her one of the most important rôles in Paramount's "The Royal Family." It was the first offer that came along for another picture. She had courage enough to play a woman in early middle age, a glamorous figure of the theatre, but the mother of a grown daughter. After that came the starring rôle in the picture adaptation of "Rebound" at RKO-Pathé, the same studio that had bought up her contract a year before. She now has a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn, and her first picture will be "The Greeks Had A Name For Them."

"I've had a lot to learn, and a lot to unlearn," she told me. "I had to learn to underact. Pictures are still a pictorial art. It was like taking [*Continued on page* 71]



Bill's future is called Carole Lombard and she's just promised to marry Bill

Bill Powell *and* His Future

By Marquis Busby

"BILL POWELL," I asked real elegant like, "When are you and Carole Lombard going to get hitched?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "We're always too busy making pictures. Carole has made four this year at Paramount, and has four more to make before fall. That doesn't leave much time for extra-curricular activities. Anyway, it will be a long time."

I went and asked Carole the same question. Quoth the blonde and lively Carole—

"I don't know that we will ever marry. If we don't, we will always be good friends." (Where, oh where have I heard that before?) "If we do marry, here's wishing luck to both of us. Bill is a grand person to know and be with."

Bill says that Carole is the frankest, the most straightforward girl he has known. So there is no reason to believe that Carole would give a "run-around" answer.

But right after this—maybe it was my influence—Bill and Carole came out in public and all the papers announced they would be married before the leaves begin tumbling off the trees this season.

That being the case, and me always being interested in what fate has in store for a beautiful blonde, I decided to find out about what the prospects of the beautiful blond's fiancé are.

Well, they look pretty good to me.

For the first time in several years William Powell's career in pictures is sailing the smooth waters, if I may juggle my metaphors a bit. He is now under contract to Warner Brothers-First National. His salary is a great deal more than it has ever been before,



His real name is William Horatio Powell—but don't try to call him that

and he has the power of veto on stories. The last is an important factor to him. He had absolutely no voice in the matter of stories at Paramount.

"Ladies' Man," one of his last pictures at Paramount, was a regrettable error in judgment. Thousands of fans thought so, and so did Powell. He portrayed a man who lived on the gifts of women. There is no polite word in the plain-spoken U. S. A. for the male gold-digger.

"Americans can never forgive such a character," he said. "In Europe the gigolo is more or less accepted, but not in this country. You can find some redeeming traits in a man who steals, takes dope, drinks too much, beats children, or murders his wife, but there are none for the type of character I played in 'Ladies' Man.' He's something you find when you turn over rotten logs.

"Some of my other stories at Paramount were not much better. I never received a dime more in salary when I was raised to stardom. It began to look to me that I would not become any richer, and if I kept on in those rôles, I soon would not have a professional reputation either. It seemed time to change jobs.

"Under my new contract I have the power of veto on stories. I don't expect to dictate what I will do, and will not do, but I think I have been acting long enough to know what I can't [*Cont. on page 74*]

The STARS who

Where Are They Now, Those Old Favorites? Here Are the Stories of Greatness—Ten Years After

By Harriet Parsons



Bushman, the mighty, is now offering himself to the highest bidder in marriage

Charlie Ray plays in stock. Jobyna Ralston makes a career of her marriage

Marguerite Clark has become a languid lady of the Old South

THE other day I heard a youngster say scornfully, "Maurice Costello—who's he? I never heard of him!"

To that youthful movie fan of today the handsome, curly-haired matinée idol of a generation ago wasn't even a memory. And those other great ones who once filled the coffers of the box office—Marguerite Clark, Theda Bara, Robert Warwick and Francis X. Bushman—had he never heard of them?

Ah, well—twenty years from now some fresh-faced heir to the earth will say, "Constance Bennett—who's she? I never heard of her!"

With that fourteen-year-old's words ringing in my ears I turned to an old scrap book of my mother's, just to reassure myself that there were movies in the days that young man was whining in his cradle. I may not be far past twenty myself—but darn it, I remember Bushman and Bayne's love-making and Pearl White's daredevil escapades. Those "old timers" were my first idols.

Perusing that scrap book raptly, I came across a page of movie ads—a vivid record of the names which were drawing crowds into moving picture theaters thirteen years ago. And unless you're still losing your baby teeth, the chances are those names will stir you as they did me. Look:

Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Burglar;" Wm. S. Hart in "The Aryan;" Charles Ray in "The Hired Man;" Douglas Fairbanks in "Swat the Kaiser" (yes, there was a war in those days); Louise Blaum in "An Alien Enemy;" Charlie Chaplin in "A Dog's Life" ("repeated by popular request"); Ethel Clayton in "The



Used To Be



Norma Talmadge was a great box-office star. So was William Farnum. Their recent "Du Barry" was a failure



Do you recognize Ulrich Haupt, Bryant Washburn, Helen Ferguson and June Walker in this old still from "Skinner's Dress Suit"?

Witch Woman;" Dorothy Dalton in "Unfaithful;" Harold Lockwood in "The Landloper;" Mary Pickford in "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley;" Norma Talmadge in "By Right of Purchase;" Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "With Neatness and Despatch;" Mary MacLaren in "Her Bargain;" Alice Brady in "Woman and Wife;" Clara Kimball Young in "The Reason Why;" Pauline Frederick in "Tosca;" Enid Bennett in "The Keys of the Righteous;" Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer;" Fatty Arbuckle in "A Small Town Bully;" Wallace Reid and Kathlyn Williams in "The Thing We Love;" Elsie Ferguson in "Rose of the World;" Henry B. Walthall (beloved "Little Colonel" —can there be anyone who doesn't remember you?) in "His Robe of Honor."

And where are they now—these idols of another year? Of course there's Doug, golfing and hunting his way around the globe, threatening never to make another picture; while his talented son, grown up and married, steps into stardom. There's Mary, struggling to hang on with the disappointing "Kiki." There's Charlie, flying single-handed the banner of silence with "City Lights," dining with prime ministers and receiving the accolades of greatness. (Is he greater than when he made those joyously vulgar two-reelers?) There's Norma Talmadge, disheartened by "Du Barry," but still talking of making another picture, though she has asked for and received her release from United Artists. But where are the others? Their fame was no less great a decade ago—but where are they today?





Agnes Ayres has had no luck

Ethel Clayton's beauty shop failed

I went out to hunt down some of these old timers and found that they divide into two groups—those who still manage to make a living somehow—and those who don't. I'll take the first group first this month.

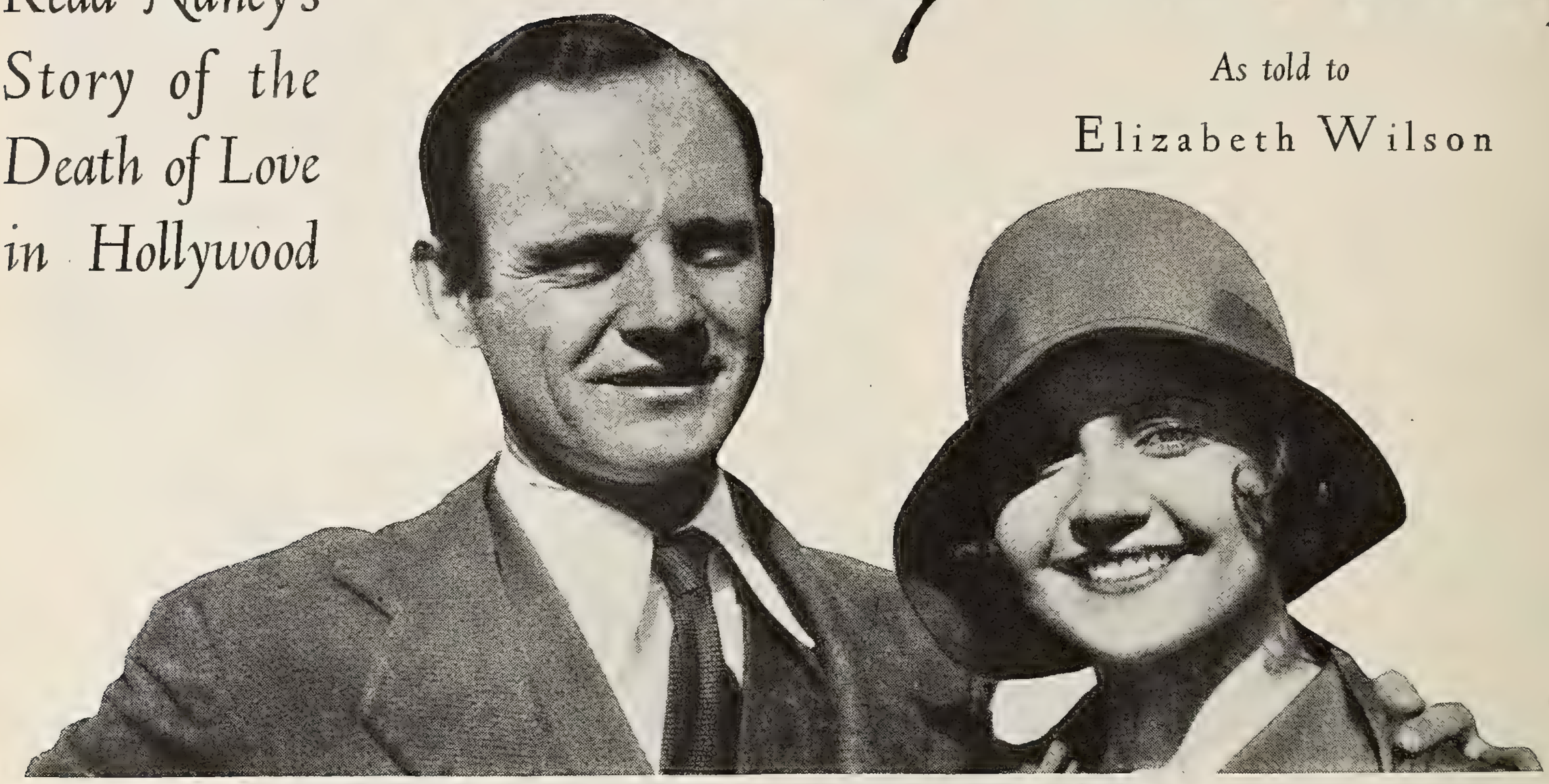
The past year has brought many a favorite back to us. Studios seem to be vying with one another in bringing back former stars. Perhaps because the talkies have proved the need of real acting ability—and these old timers—many of them old only in point of screen experience—were real troupers. Perhaps because producers know the sentimental value of a once-beloved name. Bryant Washburn in "Skinner's Dress Suit" was once a name to conjure with—so RKO gives Bryant a supporting rôle in "Kept Husbands." The same picture includes in its cast Clara Kimball Young. Clara of the magnificent eyes once headed her own company. But hers is a minor rôle in "Kept Husbands." RKO also gave Mae Murray a chance to come back in "Bachelor Apartment" and liked the result so well that they put her under contract. But the spectacular starring days of "Peacock Alley" and "Fascination" are over and the lady of the beestung [*Continued on page* 68]

The Story of My Life

Nancy Carroll

Read Nancy's Story of the Death of Love in Hollywood

As told to
Elizabeth Wilson



Is This the Price of Fame? Once They Were Sweethearts and Husband and Wife—Jack Kirkland and Nancy Carroll. Now They Are Separated

I WAS born on New York's Tenth Avenue, one of the eight young La Hiffs. My sister and I got our first glimpse of the white lights in "The Passing Show of 1923." I met a young newspaper man, Jack Kirkland, fell in love with him and married him. We went to Europe on nothing but romance, spent several hectic months traveling about and then returned to America to have our baby. Jack got a chance to write in Hollywood and I tagged along. After making a couple of pictures for Fox, I took some tests to Paramount but they refused to look at them. I lost my temper—but Jack had more sense and showed them a duplicate set.

SO WITH nothing to gain and everything to lose, I walked out on Paramount. I wanted above anything else in the world just at that time to play the part of Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose" but if Paramount needed a telescope to see me, why I needed a telescope plus a couple of lorgnettes to see them. Silly, isn't it? But I'm made that way, and as that line in Marlene Dietrich's song goes: "Can't help it." I suppose it's the Irish in me, sort of a hang-over from those early La Hiffs who went swashbuckling all over Ireland thumbing their noses at English kings; but there's something in me that just won't let me grovel, or eat crumbs that fall from the table.

Jack knew I was furious with pictures after that set-to with the powers-that-be, so he didn't say a word to me about the Christie test that he had given to Paramount. He wasn't a bit sympathetic that night at dinner while I was airing my woes. He sat there with the superior smile of a magician who at any moment might pull a rabbit out of his hat. And that's exactly what he did. The next morning the 'phone rang and I was informed that Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose," had seen my Christie test on the Paramount lot and that Victor Fleming, the director, wanted me to appear at the studio at once. I was to have the coveted rôle of Rosemary—thanks to Jack who knows about kid gloves, and Anne Nichols who knows what she wants.

As you know, Buddy Rogers played opposite me in "Abie's Irish Rose," and I liked him the first day I met him. I knew nothing about kissing—on the screen—and Buddy was as bashful as a high school boy, so our first love scene was an awful flop. The sequence had to be shot again and again, for Buddy would give me a chaste little peck which most likely landed on my nose, and I would respond with the passion of a congealed goldfish.

The director tore his hair in despair at our acting and finally swore that he would "larn 'em to get hot." So he played a trick on us. He put the cameramen wise, and the rest of the cast who gathered around to see the fun; and then he informed Buddy and myself that he was ready to shoot a passionate love scene and if we didn't put more warmth and feeling into it, he would fire us both. For at least twenty minutes without a break he had us kissing and embracing in a love scene that would have put Garbo and Gilbert to shame. That sequence would never have passed the censors. But Buddy and I weren't thinking of the censors then—we were thinking only of our jobs, which we didn't want to lose. By the time we were so exhausted we couldn't cling to each other any longer, the director shouted, "April fool," and the cast gave us the merry ha-ha. Naturally, not a camera had clicked—thank goodness for that. Well, Buddy and I learned about screen kisses [*Continued on page* 72]

The Error of His Ways

That Perfect Actor, Adolphe Menjou, Admits He Was Wrong About a Number of Things

By Clark Andrews

I WENT to see Adolphe Menjou on the M-G-M lot to find out, if I could, why he deserted pictures so mysteriously two years ago and why recently he came back.

In Hollywood actors aren't really supposed to be artists, you know. They are more or less supposed to take things and parts as they come. And more or less, they do.

Menjou was a big star with a big following when he suddenly refused to obey the bosses of the cinema village. He packed up and went to Europe. He said he was through with pictures and that he wasn't returning to our gob of sunshine and palm trees.

But he has returned. He has tucked away beneath his perfectly fitting belt three sensational performances, the outstanding one being that of the hard-boiled editor of "The Front Page." He's sitting pretty now with contracts and starring offers. So I thought maybe the inside story could be told.

I expected a load of dirt. I expected Menjou to land on his old outfit, Paramount, and spill a lot of hate. I didn't get it. But I got facts—lots of facts and the impression of an actor who is both a student and a gentleman—rare combination that, in Hollywood—plus being a good business man and a sensitive performer.

It takes character to admit your own mistakes. Menjou admits his.

He went away from America, he confesses, with some very peculiar notions. He thought Europe could produce better pictures than Hollywood. He thought that over there he could gain more fame and more money. He found out he was wrong on all accounts.

He himself more or less gave the impression that "he was kept out of pictures." He had been in movies since 1912 when he played with the old Vitagraph Company. But his real success didn't arrive until he made "A Woman of Paris" and Chaplin selected him as a man-of-the-world type. For years, thereafter, Menjou made money for Paramount, who first starred him.

Then, as he puts it, "Paramount and I got sick of each other."

Menjou had been to Europe in 1926 and 1927, and had talked motion pictures with producers there. So when his difficulties started here, he decided he would appear in French pictures. Menjou found the company he signed with couldn't make pictures, and, further—he found that no one in all France could make pictures.

He had signed for four years. He quit after one production. He was overtaken by illness and was completely out of the world of affairs for four months. He enjoyed a period of rest and recreation and finally returned to America. And then he came back cured in more ways than one.

We sat on the sunny M-G-M lot and discussed it.

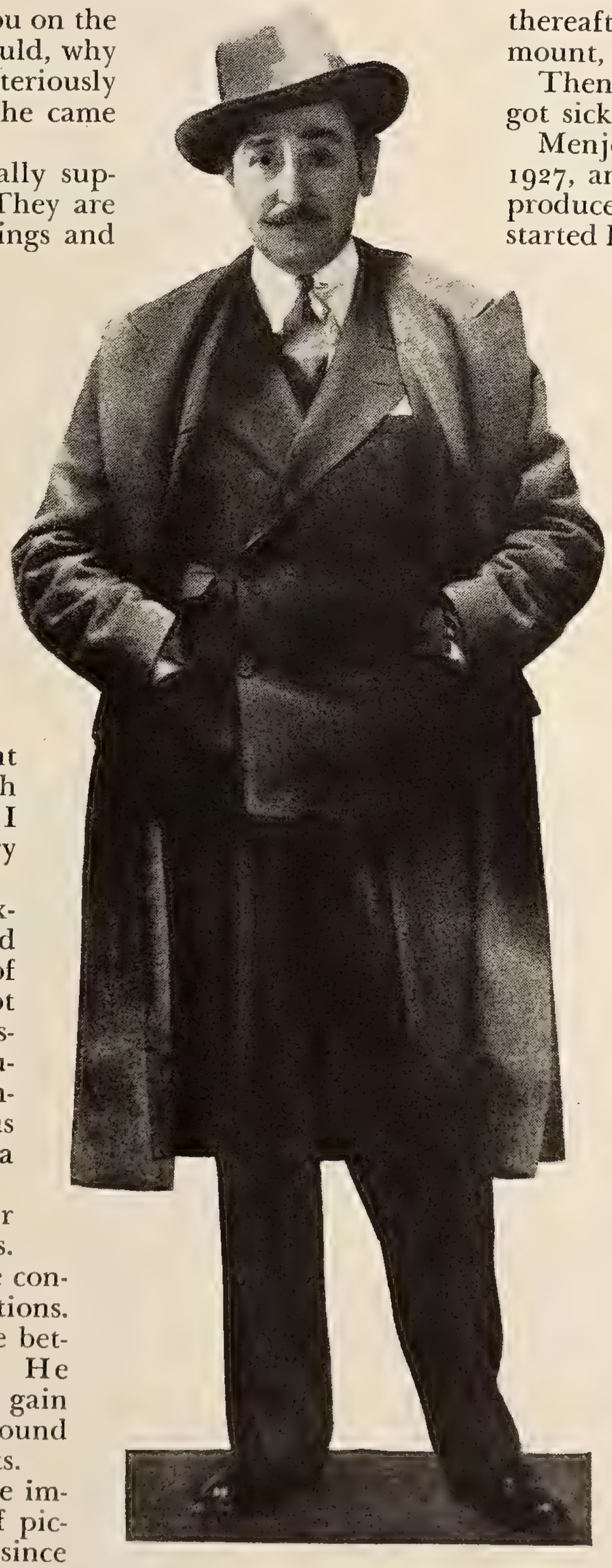
"Paris is a nice place for a home," Menjou said. "Europe is a marvelous place in which to live. But if one is to make motion pictures there is only one place to do it—Hollywood.

"The Germans and the Russians know photography and direction, but they don't know anything else. They haven't any stories and they haven't any actors—with the exception of Jannings. We have learned, and will learn, a great deal from both countries from a directorial and photographic standpoint."

He started his comeback, strangely enough, with Paramount. He did a French version and a Spanish version—he speaks English, French, Spanish, German and Italian fluently. Then Josef von Sternberg demanded him for "Morocco."

He found himself a "man-of-the-world," right back where he'd started again.

He carried off with some glory the rôle of the wealthy trifler who stepped aside when he saw real [*Continued on page* 80]

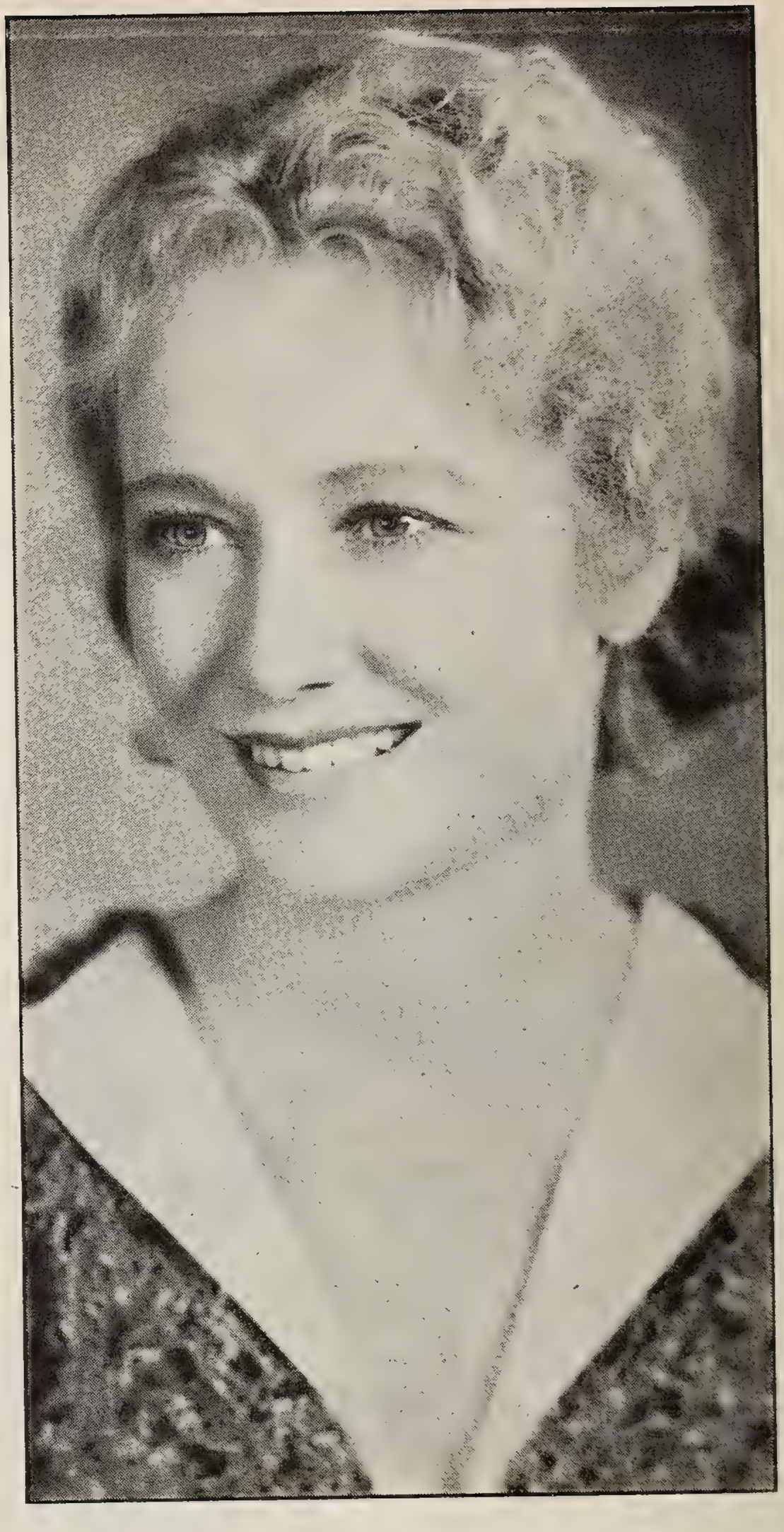


Menjou left America to create bigger and better pictures. But he's staged his triumphant return in Hollywood—and he's going to stay

A Champagne Cinderella

Miriam Hopkins is Peppy, Irresistible, Quite Naughty and Most Intoxicating

By Dora Albert



Miriam has only made two pictures but the wise boys are whispering she'll soon be starred. She's blonde and blue-eyed and beautiful

PERHAPS you haven't seen Miriam Hopkins in pictures yet. But you will. You'll go to "The Smiling Lieutenant" to see Maurice Chevalier, and you'll go away remembering Miriam Hopkins—her smile, the funny way she crinkles her nose when she cries, and how darn cute she is.

She's just as cute off-screen. She has silver blonde hair of thistledown fluffiness, and it's all curls. Her eyes are blue. She wore beautifully colored pajamas when I saw her, and they were gorgeous.

She likes pink cocktails because they look pretty and are bound to taste good. She likes Bacardis because they look like strawberry ice cream sodas and don't taste like them.

If she can get someone to talk with, she will stay up all night and sleep all morning.

She never does things because she ought to do them, but does them because she wants to. If she makes an engagement for a big dinner party and decides at the last minute that she doesn't want to go, she won't go. She'll call up and tell a little white lie—about being ill or something.

All of which is quite naughty—but nice. I hate perfect people, don't you?

Miriam Hopkins doesn't pretend to be perfect. It's much more fun being herself.

She has an apartment in New York just off Washington Square, a Pierce-Arrow car, a maid named Cassie (maybe it's Callie), and a wire-haired terrier called Jerry.

She has a chauffeur, but she likes to drive her own car.

She is married to Austin Parker, the novelist.

Someone once said that the only really worth-while topic in the world was how John Jones happened to marry Elizabeth Smith. So I'm going to be a dutiful little darling and tell you all about how Miriam Hopkins got married.

Austin Parker, who was in the French army during the war, came over from Paris about three years ago. He wanted to study American life and maybe put some of it into a novel.

Miriam Hopkins met him at a party in New York.

"Everybody else bored me," she related, "and he was there, and we sat and talked till the party broke up. Then we went to Childs' and we talked some more. I got home at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Well, Austin was planning to join a party and make a trip up the Nile in a couple of months, but he gave up the trip and got a blonde instead."

Austin Parker is now writing dialogue for RKO. He's writing the story for Connie Bennett's "Dangerous To Love" and he's plotting a scenario for Ann Harding, too.

Miriam Hopkins is appearing in pictures like "Fast and Loose" and "The Smiling Lieutenant," but she also wants to do some acting on the stage in between pictures. The people at Paramount keep saying no—she'll forget the stage after one more picture—and Miriam keeps saying yes—she'll never forget the stage.

While I was sipping sherry [*Continued on page* 66]

RAMON NOVARRO AND MADGE EVANS

OTHER stars rise and fade but Novarro continues as a great romantic. The girl inspiring the tender moment is Madge Evans, who was a child actress in the silent days and who now returns to be kissed by fame and Ramon in "Son of India"





WALLACE BEERY

BOYS will be boys, even when they're actors. Here's the big boy, Wallace Beery. Wallace's new picture is "Sea Eagles." He's a tough on the screen, but off screen he has never recovered from the love of adventure that originally made him run away from home and take care of a herd of elephants

HURRELL

LEON JANNEY

BOYS will be boys. This small boy, Leon Janney, may emote for the camera and his pay check, but when summer days come he becomes just a normal youngster who likes to go fishing with his dog by his side. His next picture is "Penrod and Sam." He collects stamps and he enjoys riding and swimming

DOROTHY JORDAN

THE lass from Tennessee. She's twenty; she's charming; she's grand. She's lovely but not languorous (oh, those gray eyes!). She used to be a chorus girl, and she kicked up some real star dust. She stands for romance and dreams in her latest picture, "Shipmates"

REGIS TOOMEY

HE KICKED in with a swell performance in "Kick In." So they're putting him in some real de luxe productions, like "24 Hours." He was born in Pittsburgh; he used to be a steel salesman; and then he went legit. The movies claimed him in 1928. He's married to Kathryn Scott

ROY JONES

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FIRST NATIONAL calls Richard Barthelmess "Old Reliable," since he's never temperamental and his pictures always make money. Most stars last five years. Dick has lasted thirteen. He likes life, talkies, and sea-going yachts. His best friends are Ronald Colman and Bill Powell. He's very happily married. After numerous title changes, his next picture will be "The Last Flight"



Are You Self-Conscious?

Joan Crawford Admits She Always Is—and Reveals the Secrets of Poise

By John Auburn



TALKING to myself:

"Actors are self-contained. Never let anything worry 'em. Never self-conscious. Let's see—who's the most self-certain and most controlled actress? I've got it! Joan Crawford. Cool as a basket of cucumbers. Title? That's easy—How I Overcame Self-Consciousness, by Joan Crawford. A natural . . ."

Business of hiking between a maze of Metro sound stages. Further business of swinging open heavy sound door and slipping onto padded stage. Eager glance around for Miss Crawford. Miss Crawford located in dressing room, taking life easy.

"Miss Crawford," I begin, "in as many words as possible, tell me, how did you overcome self-consciousness?"

Something happens in the dressing room. Blonde tresses—they used to be titian, by the way—seem to leap in the air and young tigress looks at me through great big eyes. I shudder. I am about to remind her that I am not playing heavy opposite her, but am only a struggling writer. Just when I change my mind and decide to run for it, she answers.

"Who's been kidding you?" she asks.

"Why—why, Miss Crawford," I stammer, "I thought it up myself. I—I——"

Joan looks sorry for me.

"I never overcame self-consciousness," she confides. "Self-consciousness overcame me."

I gasp.

"You mean all your wonderful self-control isn't?"

"Isn't is correct. I'll tell you something confidentially. When I go to work in front of a camera, I'm a wreck. My leg muscles weaken so there are times when I can't stand up. Many of my close-ups are shot while I hang onto the back of a chair for support or sit on a stool.

"Lack of self-control gets me so badly that at times I stutter, and have to do my lines over. I often become hysterical and blow up completely."

As she tells me this, I grope for names. Names of other players who seem to have overcome every vestige of self-consciousness. I think, of course, of Garbo. [*Continued on page* 66]

Contrast these two girls. Today's Joan reclines gracefully. Yesterday's Joan, shown alongside, hopped about. The simple matter of learning how to stand still changed her whole career

Serving the

An Inside View of Picture Personalities From Those Who Gather the Star Dust



"I still can't get used to her appetite," says Esther Heinrich about Lilyan Tashman

IF YOU want to know what your favorite stars are like, question their servants.

If their servants are always leaving, you can be sure they are temperamental and difficult, no matter what little angels they appear on the screen.

But when their servants stay, serving meals at the erratic hours movie work demands, doing the labor of the crazy entertaining Hollywood favors, meeting the strained nerves and disturbed dispositions scenes cause, you know those stars are grand human beings no matter what stories you hear.

Not, of course, that all the servants themselves are perfect.

There was Cut-Glass Gus, the Harry Bannisters' man. He was too perfect. He followed the art of butling to a perfection which proved a strain on human nerves. Though reared on army dignity and discipline, Ann Harding Bannister never felt that she could live up to Gus. He wouldn't even let them pour themselves a drink of water. The most simple service must be accompanied by cut-glass or sterling. Fong, a China-boy, now rules the Bannister hilltop home, and Ann and Harry breathe more naturally.

The Fairbankses, however, retain domestic formality. The thirteen servants who keep "Pickfair" spic and span are paid thirty thousand dollars a year. All are under the watchful eye of Albert, the major-domo, who has never been guilty of a mistake. The dukes and countesses who visit Pickfair never faze Albert. Nothing fazes him. He keeps tabs on all bills and delivers them to the Fairbanks' office, where they are paid. He draws three hundred dollars a month.



Ida Terry takes Kay Francis' pup out riding in her own private flivver

Before you see Charlie Chaplin, you must pass the scrutiny of Kono, his Japanese bodyguard and manservant. For sixteen years Kono has been at the temperamental comedian's side, ever alert to cope with each new whim. He waits long hours with interminable patience, counsels, chides and buoys the mercurial moods of his master. He supervises the work of the five other servants at the square yellow house atop a Beverly hill, and places the comedian's bedroom slippers at the very spot where his morning bare feet strike the floor. Each duty is performed with an humble affection, almost reverence.

Into seven years Hilda Austin has packed much obeisance at the shrine of Bebe Daniels. This tall and angular Englishwoman is an institution in Hollywood. She is Bebe's watch-dog, other-mother, maid and nurse. To her, Bebe remains, "Just my little baby. I've tended her lovingly and consoled her through the bad times, crying with her; I'm joyful when she's happy."

Even the desire for marriage and children cannot lure her away!

"To leave Miss Daniels would be like cutting myself into two pieces," she says.

STARS

By

Myrtle Gebhart

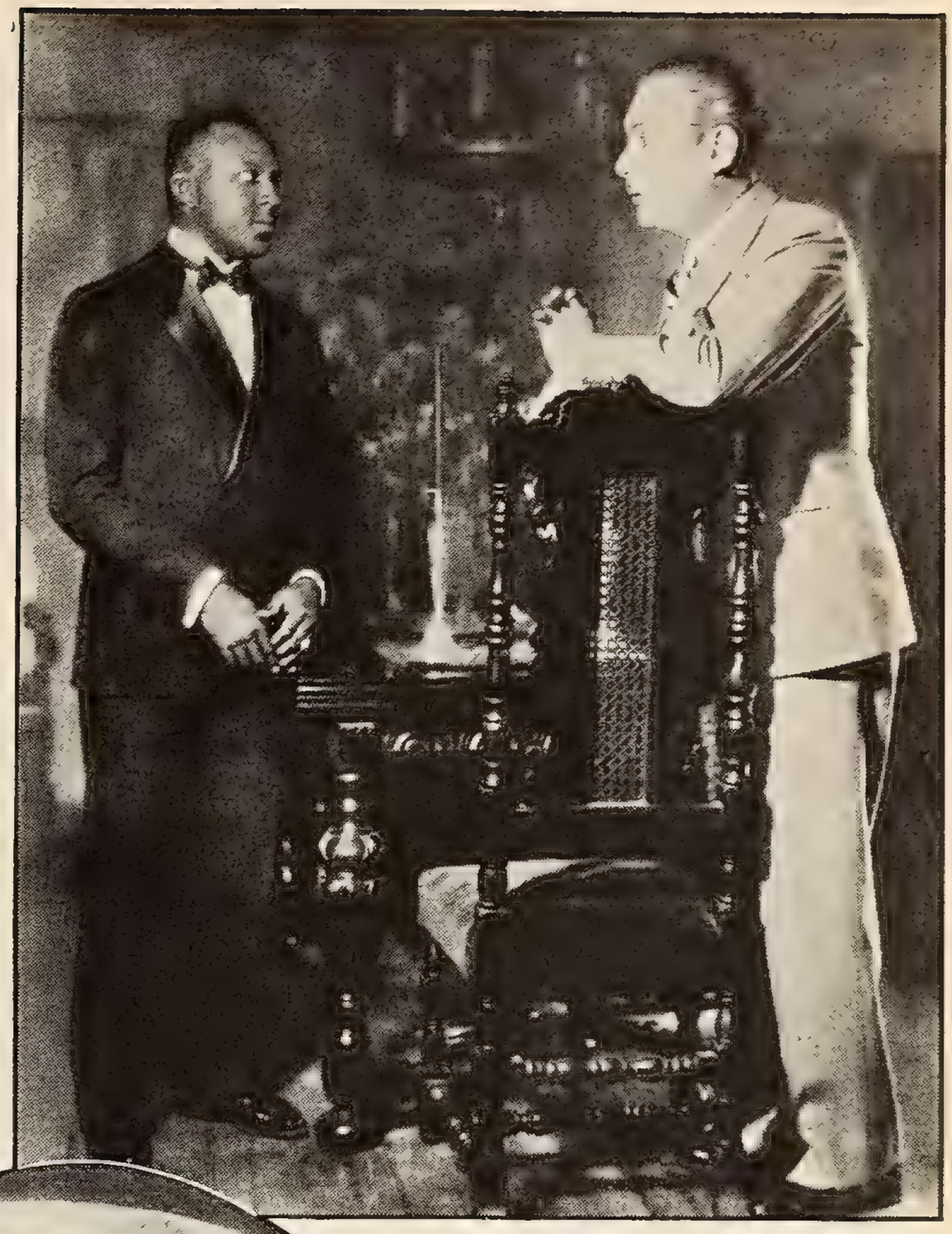
Women today carve careers. Hilda's career is Bebe. She sees that Bebe arrives punctually for all appointments. 'Phone calls must pass Hilda's barrage of questions. When studio conferences come up, only her likeable qualities prevent her from getting in bad on the lot, for her opinions are unguarded and vehement.

"My poor baby! Why do they bother her with business?" Hilda's gray-blue eyes register indignation. "She should be telling them what to do! She gives so much of herself to her acting. Ah, I wish I hadn't told her they wanted to see her!"

To Bebe's food she gives the same slavish attention.

"She eats until I'm worried," Hilda says. "I want Miss Daniels to be healthy, but she is so beautiful and slim and it is my duty to keep her that way. Sometimes, she says I am an awful pest; but when I must forbid her some sweet, I would deny myself, too, if she would let me. Yes, she eats whatever I prepare, except that she must have many cups of hot, black coffee, of which I disapprove.

"Then, there's her shoes. She wears size three-and-one-half. And her heel is narrow and her toe isn't. I have them made special. She's not going on any movie set in uncomfortable shoes while I'm around!"



"James" is Lew Cody's manager, cook, boss and friend



George Jenner is a gentleman's gentleman. He serves George Arliss and knocks out prize fighters



Jerry and Mamie Cox have been comic Marie Dressler's shadows for eighteen years. Yet they're pessimists

"On formal occasions, she must wear orchids. I order them several hours ahead and keep them on ice 'till Mr. Lyon pins them on her wrap. Once she was going to a fine dinner at Miss Marion Davies' house and the orchids didn't arrive on time. I kept dropping the comb, getting so nervous, and finally sent the chauffeur after another corsage. Maybe I didn't give that florist a piece of my mind!"

Doubtlessly, Hilda is overzealous in her care of Bebe. But Bebe's appreciative. Last summer she staked Hilda to a trip to England.

Mamie Cox, a wholesome colored woman, has been Marie Dressler's shadow for eighteen years. To tell all she does would take pages. She is foster-mother, maid and nineteen other things, besides being an animated diary. She recalls, upon demand, the date [*Continued on page* 78]

Portrait of a Dark-Haired Lady

The Loves and Hates of Evelyn Brent

By Wick Evans



EVELYN BRENT loves her husband (Harry Edwards), her Malibu Beach home, candied yams, baked chicken and chocolate ice cream.

She has three pet aversions. The dripping of water, the ticking of clocks—and cats! She won't allow one of the animals on the set where she is working and if she meets one on the street she will go far out of her way to avoid it. One slipped into her apartment one day, and inside of two minutes she was swinging from chandeliers and things.

She adores exotic perfumes. Her collection (she has only 147 different varieties) cost her 10,000 dollars, including, of course, the weird and bizarre jars and bottles in which she keeps the odors.

She hates noise of any sort. She once moved from a very comfortable home because an apartment building was being erected next door.

She has a passion for good books, but dislikes modern fiction—only reading it when the book is so much talked of that she would be conversationally "out" if she didn't.

In spite of her dislike of fiction, her best friend is a writer, whose books are nothing if not modern.

She is not particularly interested in music, although there are certain selections from Chopin and Liszt that she adores.

Evelyn Brent hates the dripping of water, the ticking of clocks, and cats; but she loves her husband, baked chicken, her puppies, and chocolate ice cream

She loves to dance but prefers the slower waltzes to modern numbers.

Bacon and eggs are one of her weaknesses—she frequently goes out late at night to some obscure little place where they make a specialty of such fare.

She won't let her chauffeur wear puttees—saying that she doesn't like the mark of servitude. She can drive a car if necessary but prefers to sit back in her limousine and watch the passing throngs.

She plays bridge frequently.

She is crazy about horses and rides often and well.

She is not interested in golf or tennis, but she is an excellent swimmer, spending most of her leisure time in the summer in a bathing suit. She loves to get tanned regardless of what the fashion experts say about the matter. [*Continued on page* 68]

Who Says Hollywood Isn't Loyal?

His Pals Kidded Lew Cody Well

By Betty Morris

HOLLYWOOD has won another good fight.

For it was his pals' good-humored devotion that pulled Lew Cody from the dark valley of illness.

Lew's pals, and the memory of little Mabel Normand.

The story of Lew and Mabel is one of those great stories of Hollywood, and you can't tell the story of one of them without telling the story of the other.

Two years ago when Lew Cody's emaciated form was carried from the train, nobody thought he would ever walk again. Even after he had grown better, the idea prevailed that he was "through."

The answer to that one is that he has made ten pictures in a little over a year and his work shows no signs of letting up.

It was Gloria Swanson who gave Lew his first chance at a comeback. Gloria heard he had recovered from his illness and sent for him when she was casting "What A Widow."

Lew suggested that he make a few voice tests for her first. I imagine that suggestion hurt him some. He had known years on the stage before he went into pictures. But in his recent attempts to find work, producers had insisted upon his trying out like the veriest amateur.

Gloria was different. A sublime tact is one of the finest qualities about La Swanson.

"Tests?" she said to Lew. "Are you trying to insult me? We start rehearsals Monday."

But before that lovely gesture of Gloria's there were the other friends—and Mabel.

Let me tell you of Mabel first.

Mabel was the early, laughing Hollywood, the boom town of joyous courage and intense enthusiasms and simple hearts. And it was that courage and enthusiasm and simplicity that Mabel bequeathed Lew.



He's made ten productions in a little over a year. He's fought his way back to health. Result, Lew Cody has new thoughts on happiness

Their marriage, entered into lightly, held firmly through their illnesses by the delicate thread of their mutual sense of humor, was the most solid thing that ever happened to Lew.

It started on impulse—which was more like Mabel, who loved a dare, than like the worldly Lew. At a party, somebody kidded them into an elopement. They had met along about 1915, when he was making a comedy at Sennett's, where her friendly wit ruled all hearts. They had gone around in the same crowd, but he never had been her special escort.

Mabel's background had been the camaraderie and picturesqueness of the early flicker studios. Lew's had been the more cosmopolitan world of the theatre. He was sophistication; she was a child.

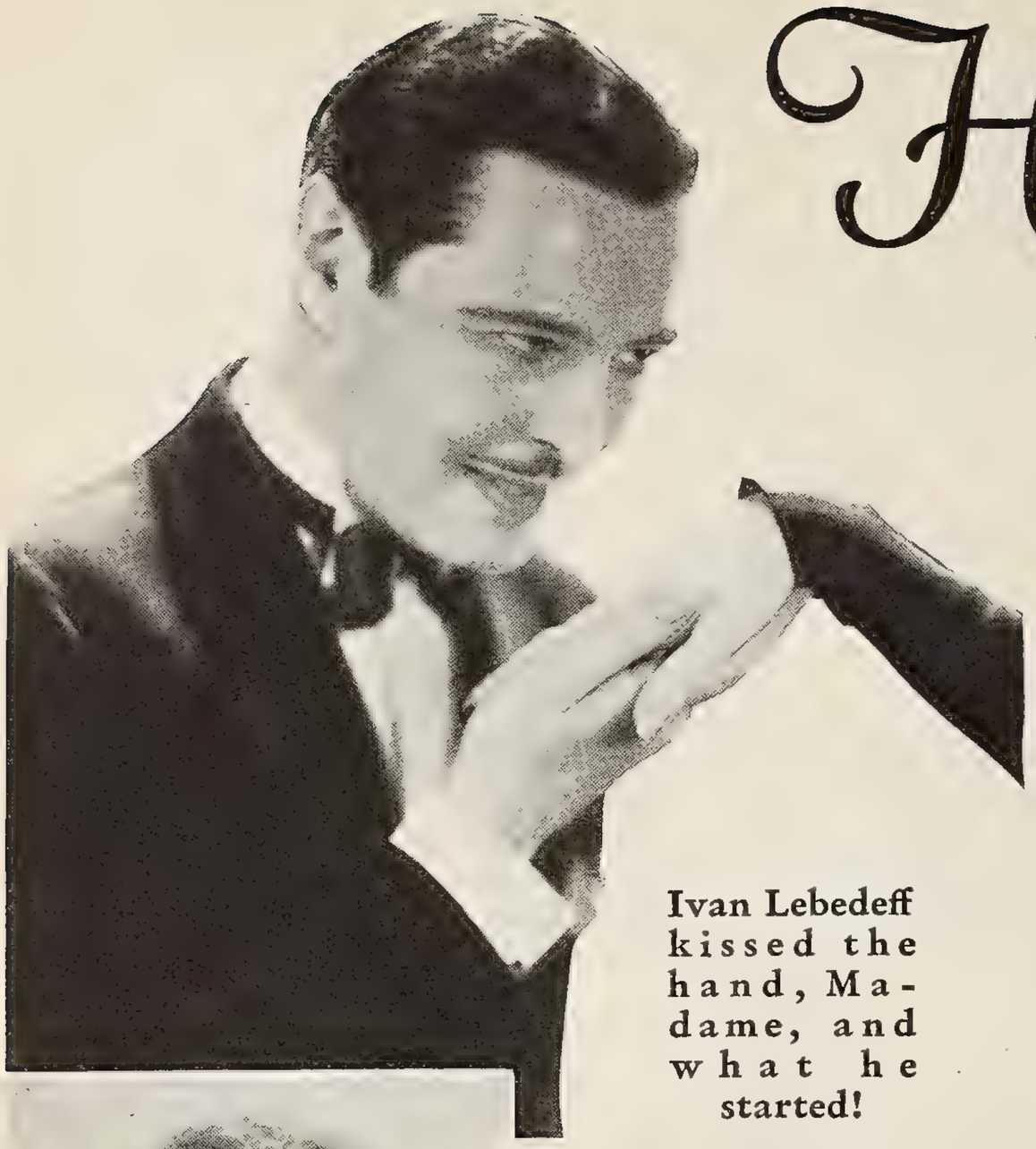
In September, 1926, on the spur of the moment, they motored to Ventura, late at night, and were married. I fancy that the drama of the thing appealed to Mabel, whereas the novelty of it probably amused Lew, who had had many experiences, had been married (twice to Dorothy Dalton), and who doubtlessly did not regard it with terrific seriousness.

At least, that was the impression that prevailed in Hollywood.

But things went badly for them—and perhaps that saved their love! Mabel was innocently mixed up in the Taylor murder case. Her pictures didn't go well. Her health broke. With a tube in her lung, draining the tubercular infection, Mabel tried to romp through a comedy for Sam Goldwyn. It was her last picture. Lew's pictures didn't go either. A stupid publicity campaign which called him "The Butterfly Man" hurt him. He, too, lost his health. They [*Continued on page* 64]

Hollywood's

It Used To Be A Rowdy Town. Now it's All Caviar, Art and Opera



Ivan Lebedeff kissed the hand, Madame, and what he started!



Billie Dove is no longer content just to be beautiful

HOLLYWOOD is fast becoming one of the most elegant cities in the world. The place is going highbrow. Culture, with a capital C, has insidiously invaded the one-time rollicking, carefree little movie colony.

The pop bottle has gone, to be replaced by afternoon tea.

Billie Dove, a star who once painted pansies on plaques, is now reading "The History of Hindu Philosophy" and going in for a little light sculpturing.

Estelle Taylor is going to sing in a concert at the very smart Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium.

Wally Beery has a valet.

The small exclusive dinner party has superseded the whoopee gathering of silent vintage.

The musical evening—string quartets, lady sopranos—is the thing in some Beverly Hills mansions.

Interior decorators, in these so-called hard times, are so busy they have waiting lists.

Some stars—Norma Shearer, Esther Ralston, Bebe Daniels—are even going in for that fashionable early American custom of growing families.



Lawrence Tibbett upset many a party by merely opening his mouth



John Boles proves you can be male and yet like music

Going Highbrow!

By Muriel Babcock



Chatterton, the actress, and Chatterton, the woman, are very different

It's Culture Time in Hollywood.

No fooling, the movie folks are growing up. Those simple conversational phrases which once sufficed—"Thank you, ginger ale," or "White Rock for mine"—have given way to Serious Talk. Talk about Art, the Opera, Period Furniture, Europe and Paris frocks.

In pre-sound days, there wasn't much for the stars to talk about except themselves. When, wham! came a lot of very swanky folk from the stage, many of whom had been brought up in the stage tradition to study architecture, interior decoration, music, languages, to read the classics, to verse themselves in Shakespeare even as they learned their lines for a smart new Broadway play. People who had been places and done things, who not only could tilt a highball glass at the proper angle, but who could balance a teacup correctly.

Hollywood sat down and took stock of itself. It decided it could do things, too. Everything was merely a matter of training and hard work.



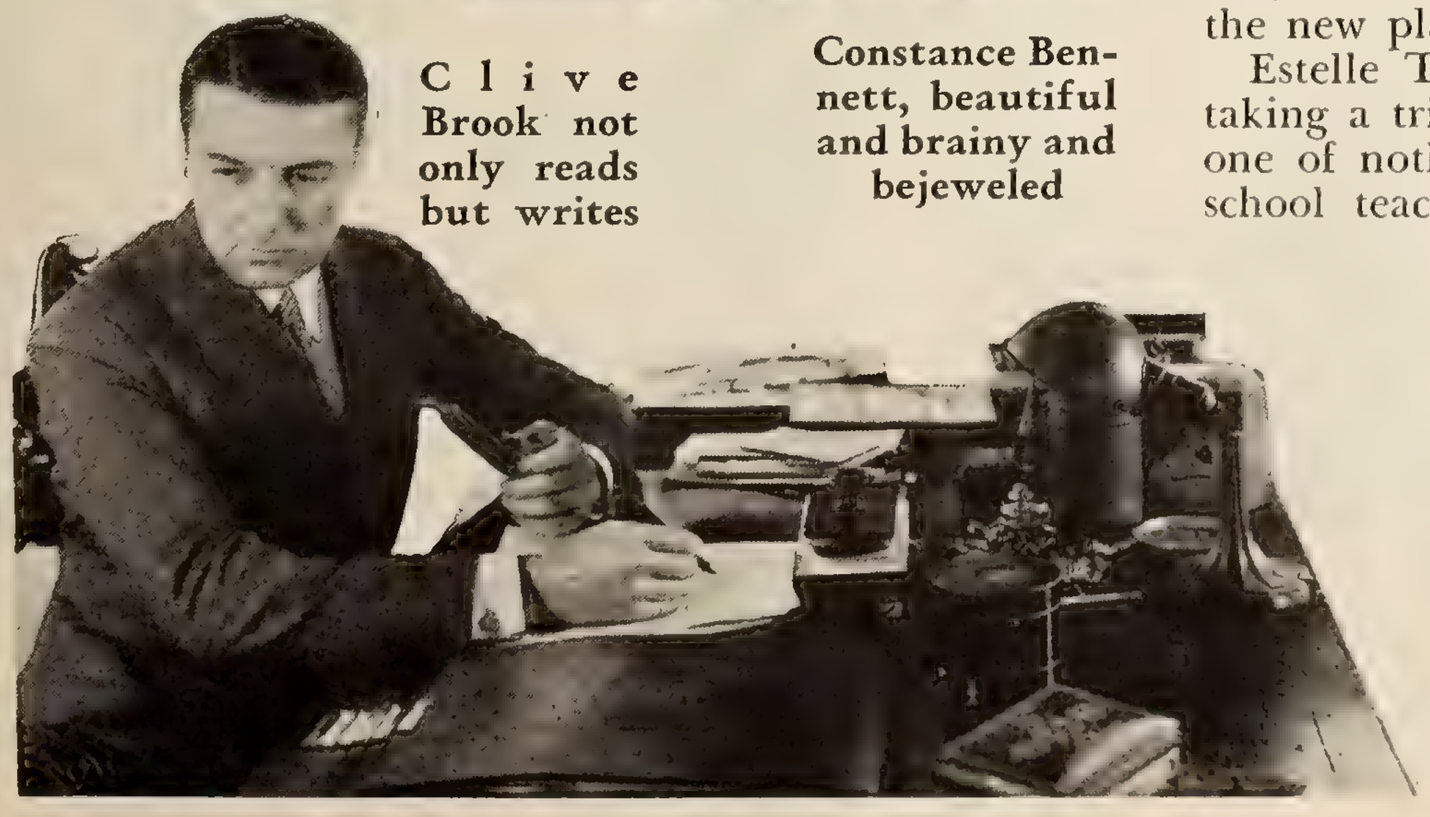
Constance Bennett, beautiful and brainy and bejeweled

Ladies went downtown and bought books on French, free verse and modern etchings, and discovered they didn't bring wrinkles to the face.

Gentlemen bought tailcoats and found they went well with highbrows and long faces.

And—well—

Seriously, a great change has come over Hollywood. A great cultural wave has enveloped it. It is taking on character, form, style. It is growing up. Rowdyism is passé. Hollywood players are doing things and going places. Not just to Reno to watch the divorce mill grind, or to Hawaii to bask in the sun, but to Paris to the art galleries and to Vienna to the new plays.



Clive Brook not only reads but writes

Estelle Taylor, Doris Kenyon and Julia Faye are taking a trip to Europe this summer, which reminds one of nothing so much as the sabbatical jaunts of school teachers. They are being chaperoned on a visit to Germany and France by their singing teacher, Madame Major. She will meet them in Salzburg at the annual music festivals, tell them what to hear, what to see and what to do so that they may get the most actual cultural value out of their journey. When she comes back, Estelle is going in for concert singing. Doris Kenyon has been singing all this year.

Although Constance Bennett will augment the family treasury by making a couple of extra [*Continued on page* 64]

More Movie

[*Continued*



It's baby adoption time in Hollywood! Harold Lloyd, Connie Bennett, and the Neil Hamiltons have made it a Hollywood custom. That wee mite in the center is baby Patricia Louise, whom Neil Hamilton and the Missus have just adopted

HEARTS IN HOLLYWOOD: The heavy romance between Lew Ayres and Lola Lane is as cold as a mid-winter night in Alaska.

Lola's been seen around with Herbert Somborn, Gloria Swanson's second hubby.

THERE'S a chance that Loretta Young, while on location in Reno for "The Merry Wives of Reno," a First National picture, will remain long enough to secure her divorce from Grant Withers.

Meanwhile, Grant Withers is going around with Betty Compson again.

This is a renewed romance—quite heavy just before Grant married Loretta. Well, at the time Grant had extra heart flutterings over Betty she was still married to James Cruze, but she's free now.

JAMES LYONS CRANE, son of the late Dr. Frank Crane, actor of stage and screen and former husband of Alice Brady, recently married Ruth Wanda McCoy, also a professional.

JUNE COLLYER'S having quite a romance with Stuart Erwin.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN has picked Lew Schreiber, former associate of Al Jolson, to run around with.

FIFI DORSAY'S quick romance with Terrance Ray, featured player at the Fox Studio, came to a sudden end shortly after the couple had announced their engagement.

Fifi refused to discuss the break, and Terrance had nothing to say.

COLLEEN MOORE won't admit—or deny—her impending marriage to Al Scott.

SPEAKING of ex-husbands, Lothar Mendes, Dorothy Mackaill's ex, is all set to marry Lady Inverclyde as soon as her divorce from Lord Inverclyde becomes final.

And the Marquis (ex-Swanson) Falaise, whom Connie Bennett has cut out for Joel McCrea, is paying plenty of attention to Mlle. Jeanne Helbling, who is appearing in French talkies for RKO. Mlle. Helbling is one of France's prize peaches, for she won a beauty contest in her native land, and was breathlessly nominated "Miss Alsace."

IF Ona Munson REALLY marries Ernst Lubitsch, it will break Eddie Buzzell's heart.

THE newspapers are all hot and bothered about the attentions Wesley Ruggles has been paying to little Arline Judge, and they are reporting them engaged. But says Arline to SILVER SCREEN, "There ain't no truth in it, darling!" So maybe there isn't.

JOHN McCORMICK, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, recently married Mrs. Janet Hamilton Gattis in Honolulu. She is a widow and a leader in fashionable Washington, D. C., society. They were supposed to have been married a few days before the ceremony actually took place, but there was a hitch in the proceedings. Colleen Moore hadn't filed the proper papers for the final divorce. When Colleen heard that she was holding up the wedding, she at once filed the papers, and in that way helped her ex-husband get married again.

JEANETTE LOFF has deserted Hollywood for Broadway. One of the reasons is a Schwab and Mandel musical comedy. The other is Walter O'Keefe.



One Winner Looks at Another. Dark-haired Ursula Parrott, who wrote "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss," likes blonde Frances Dean's name. And why not since she gave it to her herself? The little Dean girl's real name is Betty Grable and she was chosen from a thousand girls by Samuel Goldwyn to be groomed for stardom

Town Topics

from page 17]

ESTELLE TAYLOR, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are a friendly threesome, and before Gary sailed for foreign shores, they spent a lot of Sundays picnicking together. One Sunday they had so much lunch and baggage that they put it all into a Ford and told the houseboy to take it up for them. He tried to follow them but failed and they lost him, lunch and all. They would have gone hungry but for a package of weenies Estelle had tucked into her car. They dined on cold weenies, and liked it.

AT THE New York première of "A Free Soul," Irene Fenwick was so overcome by her husband's, Lionel Barrymore's, performance, that she remained sobbing in her seat, long after the rest of the audience had filed out.

Ivor Novello, M-G-M's newest star, has rented Edmund Goulding's beach home. And Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are showing him the sights.

TALK about life's darkest moment!

When Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster returned from their six months' trip around the world last Fall, Norman was immediately sent to Hollywood while Claudette remained at the Astoria studios in the East. And with the exception of a three days' reunion in Chicago several months ago, they have been separated ever since.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Foster were beginning to think that the author of "Patience is a virtue" was an optimist, when Norman finally received word that he could have a two weeks' leave of absence in between pictures to visit Claudette. He planned another honeymoon in Bermuda—he planned seeing all the new shows—he planned——

And then, he arrived in New York to find Claudette laid up with a bad case of tonsilitis that lasted two weeks.



Hollywood gets another Starr. The lady in H. B. Warner's arms is Frances Starr, one of Broadway's most famous actresses. She's making her talkie début in "Five Star Final" in a rôle originally intended for Alice Joyce



When you write a letter which starts "Dear Joan Crawford," the tall dark gentleman at the left is the one who reads it. His name is Luitpold Blembel, and he's Joan's private secretary. So, you'd better make your notes interesting if you want him to bring them to the attention of M-G-M's dancingest daughter

IF THE Eastern Paramount Studio on Long Island actually closes down as rumored, Paramount will have to go into the real estate business as a side issue.

George Cukor, who has been in the East directing "The Royal Family" and "Tarnished Lady," had just moved into a penthouse apartment for the summer months when he was switched to the coast to megaphone "Cobra" with Kay Francis and Paul Lukas. Paramount is now footing the rent until a new tenant can be found.

Miriam Hopkins was likewise compelled to leave her duplex apartment on Waverly Place when she was sent to Hollywood to appear opposite Phillips Holmes in "The Man I Killed." Another headache for Paramount.

Claudette Colbert, who has just furnished a brand new apartment on Central Park West, has a three year lease. Ditto Ginger Rogers, who lives in the same house.

Fredric March's lease on his Great Neck home doesn't expire until October.

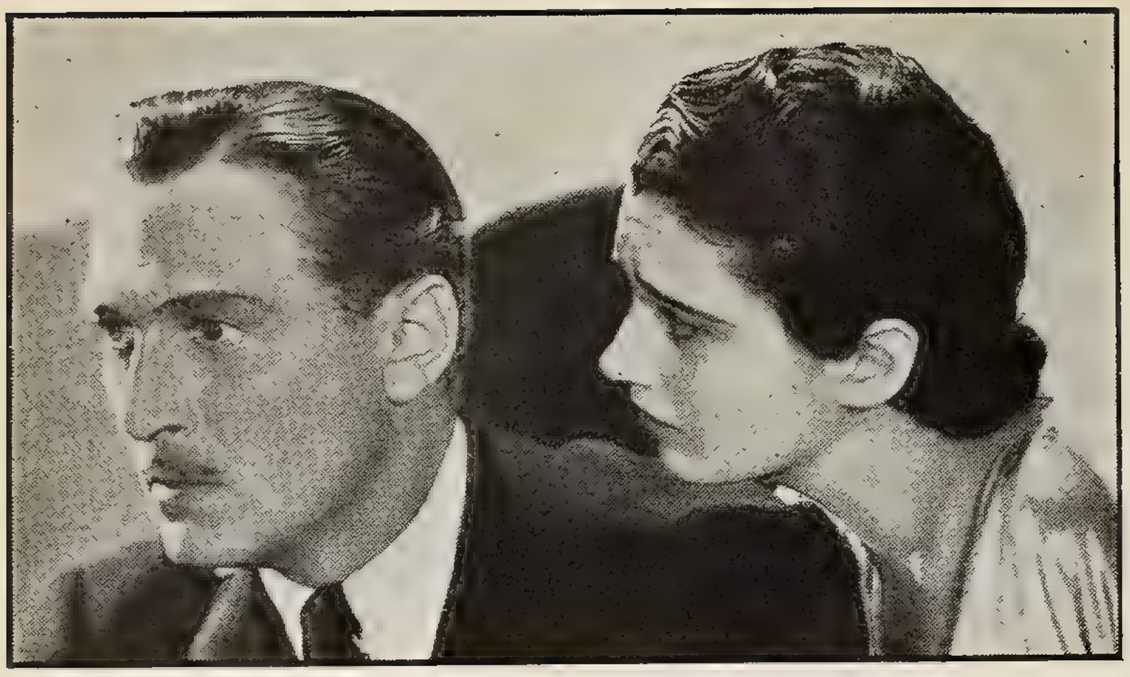
But Tallulah Bankhead and Maurice Chevalier live at hotels with no long term leases.

So there is a Santa Claus after all!

Mary Duncan visited Gotham sotto voce without letting anyone know—but Winfield Sheehan.

BENEDICT GIMBEL, Jr., of Philadelphia, on June 5 ankled up the altar with Sally Phipps, ingénue lead in the Broadway production of "Once in a Lifetime" and former Fox Film player.

After a private ceremony at the home of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Gimbel sailed for a honeymoon trip abroad. Upon their return, they will reside in Philadelphia. [*More Movietown Topics on page 60*]



Silver Screen's

THE VICE SQUAD

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

Based on the recent vice squad exposures, this story carries a lot of suspense. It concerns a man, once a gentleman, forced to become a stool pigeon to escape a charge of manslaughter. He despises and tries to kill himself, but a young girl saves him. Then she is framed by other police officers. Paul Lukas accomplishes the impossible and wins some measure of sympathy for the stool pigeon. Judith Wood, a newcomer, is grand.



THE LAWYER'S SECRET

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

Buddy Rogers acts! You may or may not like the new Buddy, for he has a very unsympathetic rôle. Buddy is an accomplice in a holdup which ends in murder. An innocent man, Richard Arlen, is sentenced for the murder. Buddy has told his secret to a lawyer, but won't permit him to reveal it. Clive Brook as the lawyer isn't up to his usual self. But Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur and Richard Arlen all act well, and make the story seem exciting.

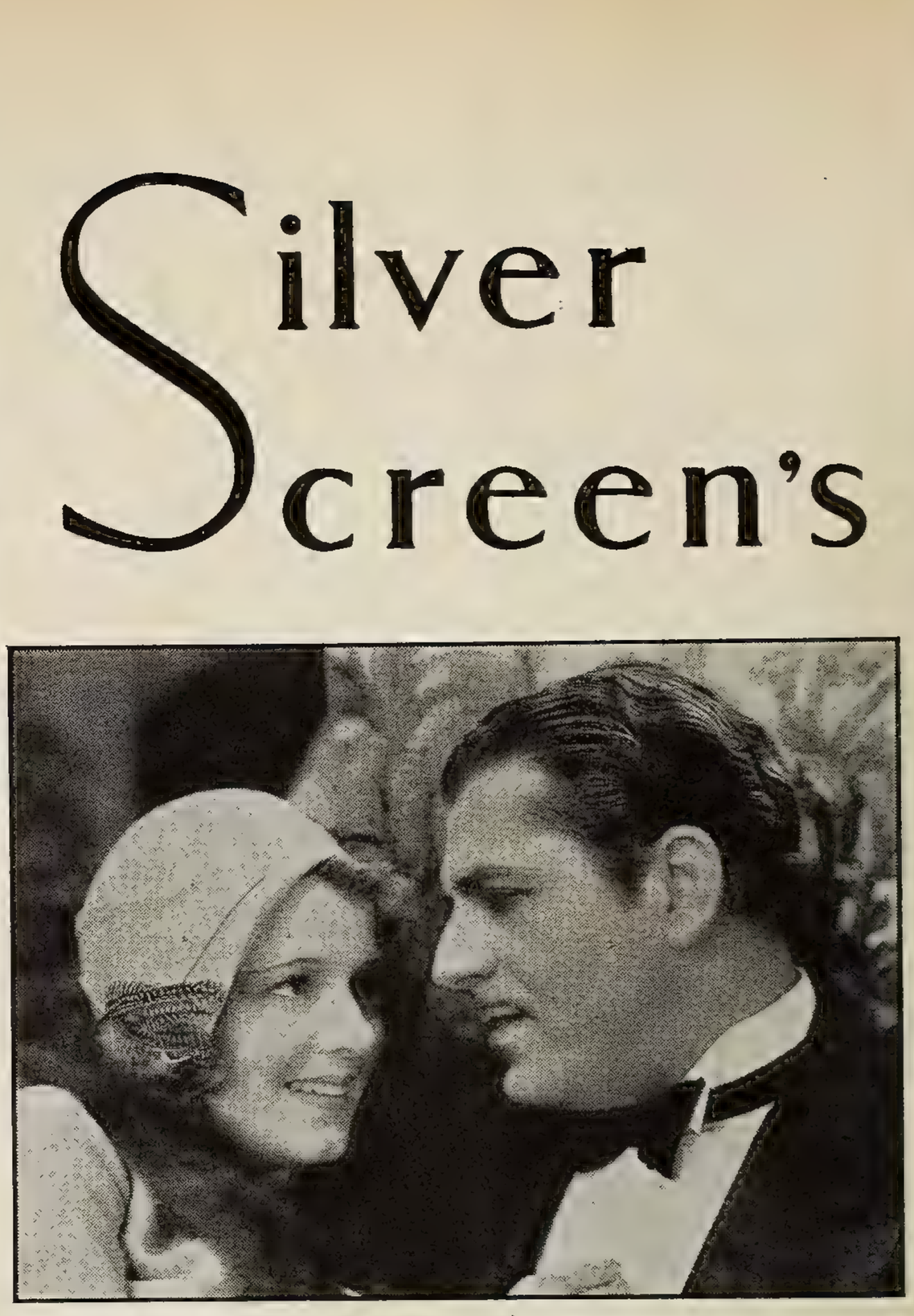


UP POPS THE DEVIL

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

A light, pleasant comedy-drama that makes a nice evening's entertainment. The story's about a man who reluctantly lets his wife become the wage-earner so that he can write a novel at home. He has to do the housework, too, and the most amusing scenes are those that show him trying to cope with it. Norman Foster turns in his best performance since "Young Man of Manhattan," and Carole Lombard makes a charming heroine.



DADDY LONG LEGS

Rating: GREAT

Fox

You'll love Janet Gaynor in this! It's a Cinderella story, but told charmingly, with whimsical humor. Janet Gaynor is an orphan who is sent through college by Daddy Long Legs, who hides his identity from her. She falls in love with a young society man, but is afraid he'll give her up when he finds out she's an orphan. He turns out to be Daddy Long Legs. Janet Gaynor is ideally cast, and Warner Baxter's pretty grand, too.



YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID

Rating: GOOD

Radio Pictures

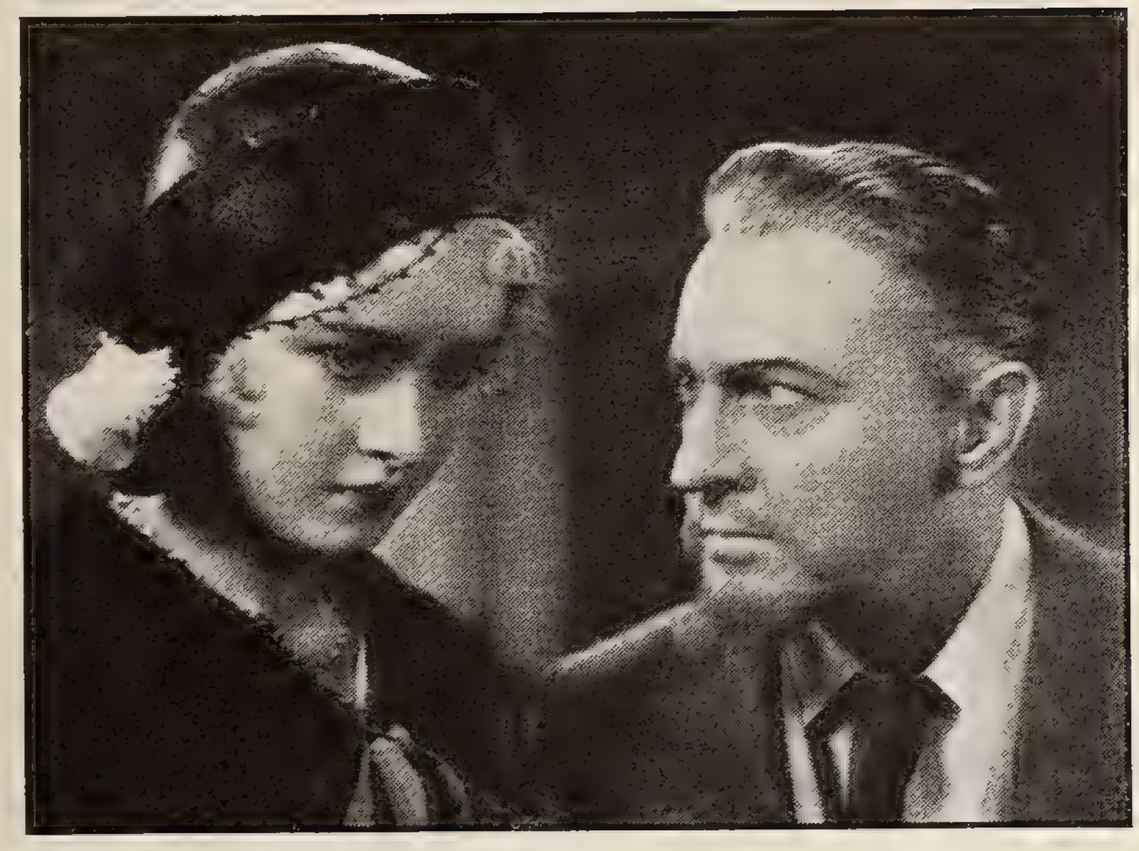
Richard Dix is billed as the star, but though he turns in a grand performance, it is little Jackie ("Skippy") Cooper who will wring your heart and make you reach for your handkerchief. The story's about a youngster left in the care of a gangster. The boy worships the gangster and copies him in every way. The gangster reforms to keep the boy from going into his racket. The picture is dramatic, touching, and very human.

Reviewing Stand



YOUNG SINNERS
Rating: FAIR
Fox

This is Thomas Meighan's comeback picture, and he's grand, but the picture isn't. It's a typical story about youth, jazz and gin. Meighan plays the part of a physical culture trainer who takes in hand a young lad disappointed in love who is trying to drown his sorrows in drink. Meighan brings the boy back to normal, and the boy wins back his sweetheart. Hardie Albright, a newcomer, clicks as the lad. Dorothy Jordan's the girl.



THE MAD GENIUS
Rating: GOOD
Warners

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance. It's a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist but the body of a cripple. All his dreams of being a great dancer are fulfilled in a foundling whom he trains, and whose romance he wrecks, so that nothing will stand in the way of his art. The climax is blood-curdling.



LAUGHING SINNERS
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M

"Torch Song" remade with Clark Gable instead of Johnny Mack Brown. But it's still not a good picture. Joan Crawford tries hard as a cabaret girl defeated in love who joins the Salvation Army and then falls from grace again; but the story doesn't ring true. Joan's new blonde personality seems artificial, particularly since she's a brunette in some scenes. The men, Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, are miscast.



THE SMILING LIEUTENANT
Rating: GREAT
Paramount

Chevalier's best picture since "The Love Parade." It's naughty, sophisticated, and delightful. Chevalier is the smiling lieutenant whose wink and smile are intercepted by the wrong woman, a dowdy princess instead of his sweetheart. He is compelled to marry the princess, but walks out on his bride the night after the marriage. Claudette Colbert is lovely but too ladylike as the sweetheart. Mirian Hopkins is utterly delicious as the princess.



SMART MONEY
Rating: GOOD
Warners

Chalk up another high-pressure story for Edward G. ("Little Caesar") Robinson. The yarn's about a small town barber who trims all the local lads in gambling with cards and dice. Then he starts out for the big town and pulls a Rothstein. The District Attorney eventually gets him and makes him sign up for the Big House. The story's full of holes, but fascinating. James Cagney and the star turn in good performances, as usual.



ALWAYS GOODBYE
Rating: GOOD
Fox

Elissa Landi is more interesting in this picture than she was in "Body and Soul." On the whole, it's a somewhat better picture, too, though rather slow-moving. A young woman of breeding is innocently made the tool of a crook, who is planning to rob their host. The girl falls in love with this host, and he with her; but he also is led to believe that she is out to rob him. Lewis Stone as the host turns in a fine performance.



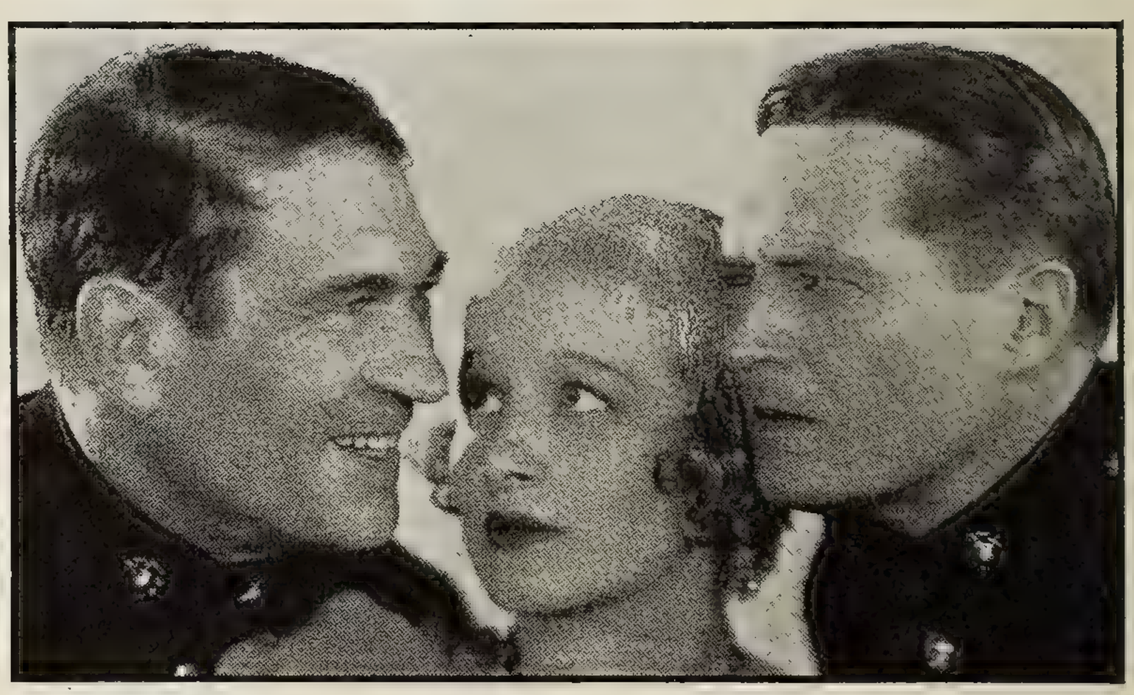
WHITE SHOULDERS
Rating: GOOD
Radio Pictures

This is red-blooded drama, absolutely implausible, but absorbing. It concerns a husband, who when his wife runs away with the other man, forces them to live together. The lovers grow to hate each other, but the husband's vengeance pursues them and keeps them from leaving when they are fed up. Ricardo Cortez is grand as the lover who is also a crook, and Mary Astor and Jack Holt turn in good performances.



PARTY HUSBAND
Rating: FAIR
First National

Lack of proper story material handicaps Dorothy Mackaill. The story deals with a modern marriage in which the husband and the wife decide to allow each other a great deal of freedom. Though they love one another, their marriage almost goes on the rocks, because each is hurt by the other's affairs. The girl's mother patches up matters at the end with a lecture on marriage. Neither Dorothy Mackaill nor James Rennie quite click.



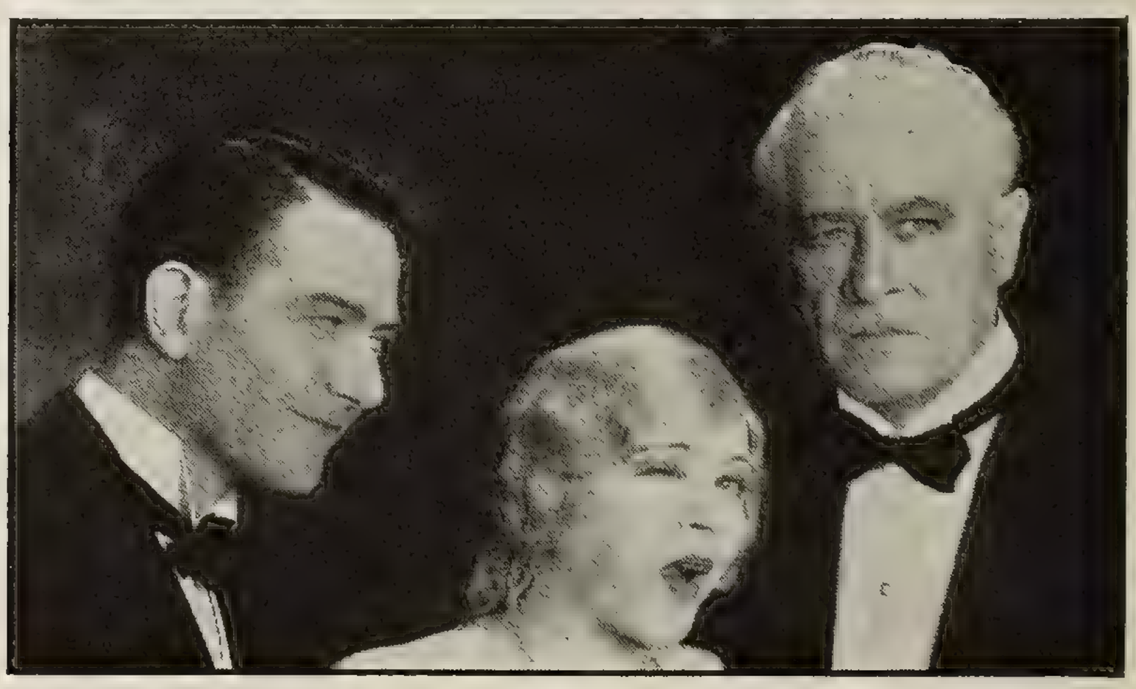
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS
Rating: FAIR
Fox

A fairly good picture built along the lines of a burlesque show. It's more of a leg show than a story. It continues the adventures of Flagg and Quirt (McLaglen and Lowe) who join the marines and fight over and chase after the same women. They particularly chase after Greta Nissen, who is given more of a chance to show her figure than to reveal acting ability. However, the picture has humor, even if the fun is rough, rowdy and obvious.



JUST A GIGOLO
Rating: POOR
M-G-M

A feeble attempt at breezy humor that never comes off. Even devoted William Haines fans will be disappointed. Billy Haines has to play a lad who poses as a gigolo in order to find out if the woman his uncle wants him to marry is pure. The plot revolves then around the question, "Will he get the girl?" The girl, Irene Purcell, unfortunately does not photograph well, so that she doesn't appear as attractive as on the stage.



HIGH STAKES
Rating: FAIR
Radio Pictures

Lowell Sherman turns in a good performance in a picture that's just fair. He plays a young man whose older brother has married a baby-talking vamp. The wife is the accomplice of a crook who is trying to get the older brother's money. Lowell Sherman discovers the whole plot and forces the vamp to clear out of the picture. Mae Murray is very good indeed as the vamp, but the film as a whole is nothing to get excited about.

REVIEWING STAND



THE SHE WOLF

Rating: GOOD

Universal

The story is antique melodrama; the dialogue creaks with age; yet note the rating, please. The picture deserves this rating because of just one thing—May Robson's acting. Her performance may be exaggerated, but it is so full of lusty life that it makes this third-rate story worth seeing. She plays a very wealthy woman, who's harsh to her children, but in the end you find she has a heart of gold and has done it all for their good.



EVERYTHING'S ROSIE

Rating: FAIR

Radio Pictures

Robert Woolsey without Bert Wheeler is nothing to turn cartsprings about. The team is funnier together than separated. Woolsey plays the part of a medicine man who raises an orphan girl, Rosie, as his assistant. Then she falls in love with another man, and Woolsey gets into lots of trouble. But, of course, everything turns out Rosie. Anita Louise is charming as the girl, but the picture's only mildly funny.



LOVER COME BACK

Rating: FAIR

Columbia

This is Betty Bronson's comeback picture, but Betty ("Peter Pan") Bronson is miscast as a baby vamp, and lays it on thick and heavy. The story's about a man who passes up a swell girl in his own office to fall for a baby vamp. He marries the vamp; she proves unfaithful; and he realizes the true value of the girl he jilted. Constance Cummings does rather well and Jack Mulhall has his moments; but the picture's repetitious and drags badly.



GOLD DUST GERTIE

Rating: POOR

Warners

In spite of Winnie Lightner's and Olsen and Johnson's combined efforts, this one is just barely endurable. The slapstick is laid on thick, but fails to be funny. Winnie Lightner plays a gold digger who tries to collect alimony from her two divorced husbands. But business is bad because their boss sells only old-fashioned bathing suits, so Winnie tries to vamp the boss and make him sell more modern suits. The dialogue is feeble.



BROAD MINDED

Rating: FAIR

First National

Too much talk and too little action keep this from being as funny as it should. Many of the gags fall flat and the dialogue's a little weak. The story's about a rich young man whose father sends him out of town to get him away from women. Joe E. Brown is his guardian. But they meet Ona Munson and Marjorie White, and they both fall hard. There are some laughs, but they're too few and far between, and it's all only mildly humorous.



THE LADY WHO DARED

Rating: FAIR

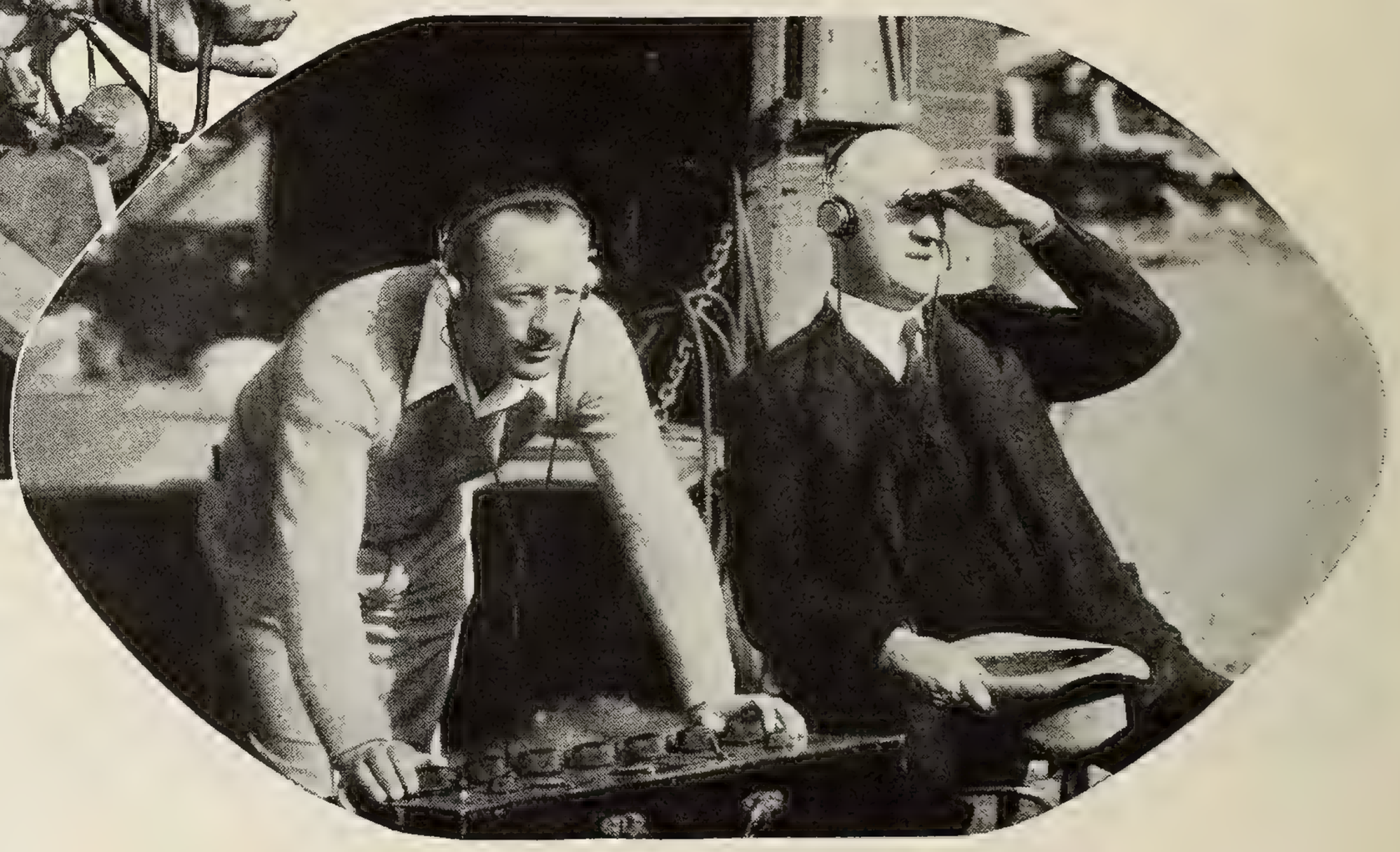
First National

This is not Billie Dove's comeback picture, but just one of the last pictures she made for First National. It just gets by. Billie Dove plays the wife of a diplomat in South America. She goes to the apartment of a smuggler to recover some photographs being used to blackmail her. Her husband comes in search of evidence and threatens to break down the door behind which she is hiding. The smuggler saves her by confessing where his stuff is hidden.

Do Your Ears

You Bet They Do If You Go to Talkies—But You'll Understand Their Tricks Better After Reading This Article





Murray Spivack is sound engineer for RKO. The gadget he's holding is just a whole lot of wind. The two in the oval are listening to a "playback" of a scene just taken

DON'T believe all you hear.

A noise may be just a noise to you, but it can be a nightmare to the sound engineer of a talkie studio. And frequently is.

That rat-tat-tat of a machine gun that punctuates the semi-darkness of a gangster's hideout may be the noise of a riveting machine or just the judicious tapping of a fingernail on tin, for all you know. You can rest assured that things are not the way they listen.

The sound engineers of the talkies are resourceful fellows and the mystery of their ways is fearful and wonderful.

For instance, in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," there was a shot of some soldiers marching over a snow-covered trail. Herbert Brenon, the director, suddenly interrupted the scene with a request for a playback of their feet crunching the snow. A noise like the Sidewalks of New York on New Year's Eve blared forth.

Murray Spivack, the sound engineer, looked wildly about him for a substitute noisemaker. Thousands of dollars, if not his job, depended upon his ability to think fast. He spied a piece of canvas lying on the ground, and whisking it up, rubbed it together in front of the mike, keeping time with the feet of the marching soldiers. The recording was perfect.

Then there was the time when a minor character in "The Conspiracy" was called upon to crack his fingers. He cracked them successfully in several trial shots, but, by the time the director was ready for the take, he had run out of cracks. Try as he would, he could not get a sound out of his joints. Again, Spivack was called upon to produce a substitute. He took out a piece of chewing gum and broke it apart in front of the mike. The crack recorded exactly right.

In "Young Donovan's Kid," Richard Dix knocks a fellow downstairs. The scene was made without sound. One of the sound technicians watched the scene while it was being taken, then went upstairs and watched the rush when it was run in the projection room, until he had recorded in his mind's eye every bump and movement of the man on the stairs. Then, he made a similar fall for benefit of the sound track and timed his movements so that they would coincide with the fall in the scene. When the sounds were dubbed in, nobody could tell that it had not been done at the time of the action.

This gives you just a faint idea of the quick thinking sound men have to do.

Wherever it is possible to use real sounds, the studios do so, but there are and always will be occasions when it will be impossible to record things "as is."

When thunder is needed in a scene, a company can't wait until a real thunderstorm puts in an appearance. So very good thunder is obtained by shaking a vertical piece of tin and rolling a kettle-drum for the deeper reverberations.

Still, all studios have a sound library in which they

Deceive YOU?

By Mary Sharon



Eddie Quillan does a little piping for you and alongside you "see" the sound as it appears in your local theatre. Below, RKO's "noise factory," full of whistles, bells and bellows

keep the elements in stock ready for emergency calls.

They keep on their payroll cameramen who are continually scouting around for unusual or elemental noises. They have roll upon roll of real thunder, rain, wind and water.

In the beginning, thunder was of too low frequency, and when an attempt was made to record it, the sound track remained as silent as Greta Garbo on her love life.

But when the Bill Boyd company was on location in Arizona for "The Painted Desert," a thunder storm of unusual intensity came up and an enterprising sound engineer obtained enough thunder to last the studio for several months. That thunder will probably roll around in Pathé pictures for years.

In "Morocco" they made use of real wind. A strong wind blew in across the desert, and a microphone was placed at the corner of the largest building so that it recorded the gust. The higher tones of the wind did not record, but the low whistling sound was so satisfactory that enough was taken to put in the Paramount sound library. Now, whenever a director needs wind, all he does is put through an order for fifty or sixty feet of "Morocco" wind and back comes the necessary strip to be dubbed in wherever needed.

Artificial wind is made by revolving a cylinder from which hangs a piece of weighted canvas. The sound of the canvas rubbing against the wooden slats makes an ideal wind. The nice thing about artificial wind is that its intensity can be regulated. It can be a sighing May breeze or a tropical cyclone.

When the heroine is put out in the cold, wet night, they drop peas on chicken wire for rain. And for close-ups of her tragic face when the rain must furnish a sad obligato, they run water down on cotton or blotting paper to get the correct splashy sound.

When it comes to flying pictures, the whir of an aeroplane motor records satisfactorily, but for close recording, they race a Fordson tractor.

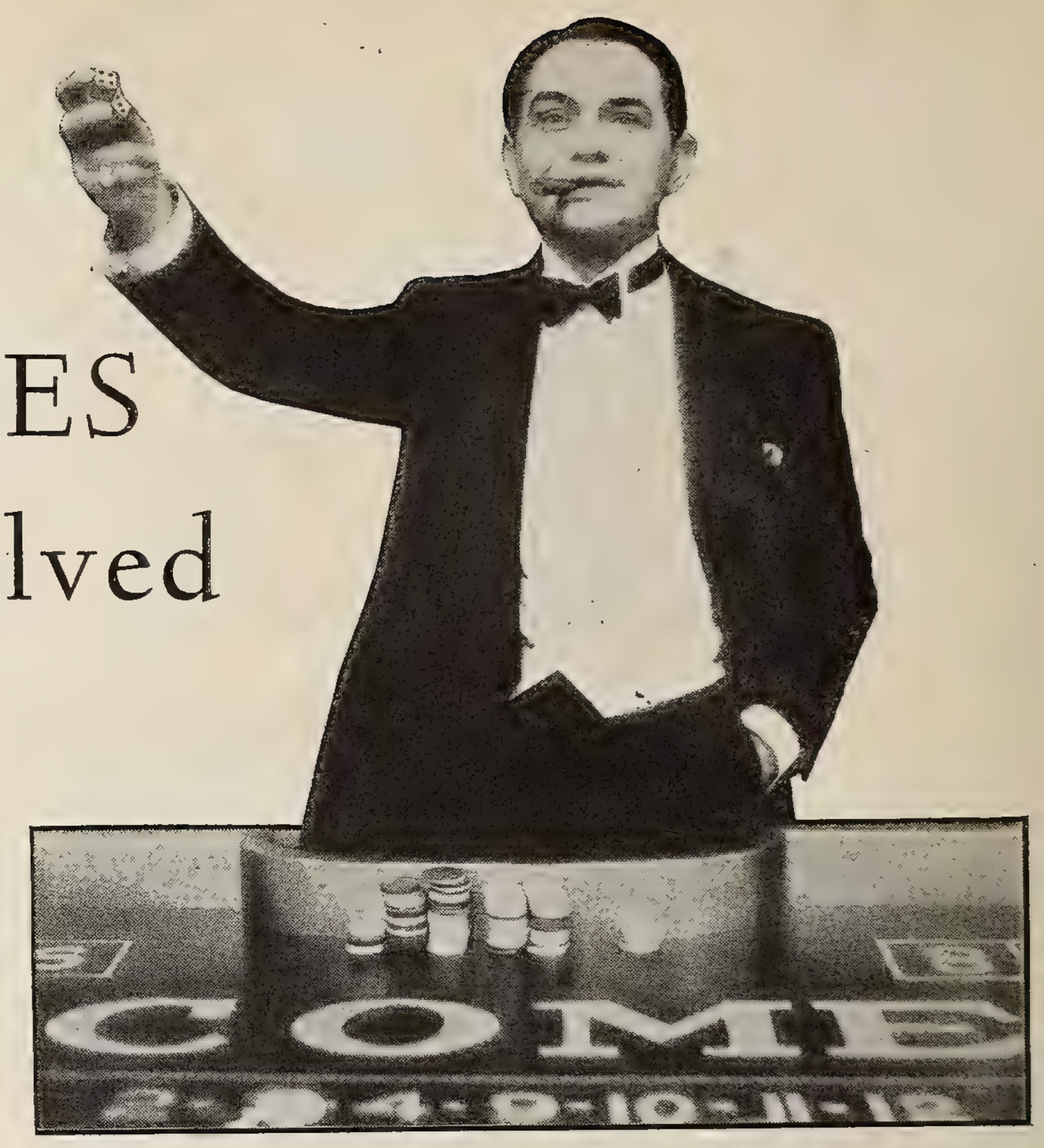
The whistling noise of the drop of a super-charger from a plane is obtained by turning an electric fan so that the wind from it hits squarely into the mike. The whistling sound is increased or diminished by changing the distance of the fan from the mike.

Those sounds, you see, are pretty easy, but there are some that are always difficult.

The snap of a whip is one of the hardest sounds to record, on account of the slap that follows the initial crack. A smart hand slap, followed by a single sound of a slap stick such as is used in an orchestra, makes an ideal substitute.

Body blows in fight scenes do not record well. For one thing, the blows are never so heavy as they look and often only a faint sound accompanies them. Where blows are faked, the noise that accompanies them must be faked also. [*Continued on page* 77]

C'MON~
Take a chance
$1,500 *in* PRIZES
for Correctly Solved Puzzles



HAVE you entered SILVER SCREEN's new contest yet?

Last month SILVER SCREEN started its second contest (the first was our highly successful slogan contest, you remember). This second contest is called "Scrambled Stills" and it is even more fun than the first and there are heaps of prizes.

Wouldn't you like to win one of the prizes? Why not take a chance? Although the contest started in last month's—the July—issue, it is not too late for you to start, for no entries will be considered until August tenth. The contest closes at midnight of September tenth. That gives you plenty of time to prepare your entries.

Here's the big idea. In the July, August and September issues SILVER SCREEN is publishing scrambled stills from popular motion pictures. There will be four scrambled stills in each issue, or twelve stills in the entire contest. A still, you know, is just a scene from a movie.

They are all mixed up now like jigsaw puzzles, but the game is to unscramble them and assemble them correctly. Under each complete still write the name of the star and the name of the picture. Save your solutions until all twelve stills have appeared. Remember this is the second set of stills being published this month. The first set was published in July.

You don't have to buy SILVER SCREEN to enter the contest, nor do you have to be a subscriber to this magazine. You may examine copies of SILVER SCREEN at public libraries, or at the New York office of the publication, free of charge, and copy or trace the pictures from the originals.

Turn to pages 52-53 and you'll see this month's scrambled stills. Study the suggestions that appear beneath them. They'll help you in assembling the stills and in identifying the stars and the pictures.

There are thirty-two prizes, beginning with a first prize of $500. There are six prizes of $100 each, ten prizes of $25 each and fifteen prizes of $10 each, all worth trying for.

Now study the rules and go to it! Thirty-two people will win. Don't you want to be one of them?

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Thirty-two cash prizes will be paid by SILVER SCREEN Magazine as follows:

First Prize	$500.00
Six Prizes of $100 each	600.00
Ten Prizes of $25 each	250.00
Fifteen Prizes of $10 each	150.00

2. In three issues (July, August and September numbers) SILVER SCREEN Magazine is publishing scrambled stills from well-known motion pictures. Four complete stills appear in each issue. Each still is a scene from a popular movie. If combined correctly, four complete scenes may be produced. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SILVER SCREEN Magazine and assemble them. $1,500 in prizes as specified in rule No. 1 will be paid to the person sending in the nearest correctly completed, named and neatly arranged set of twelve stills.
3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of scrambled stills has appeared in the September issue. Completed scrambled stills must be submitted in sets of twelve only. Identifying names of the star and of the picture should be written or typewritten below each completed still. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to the *Scrambled Stills Editor*, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.
4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SILVER SCREEN Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of SILVER SCREEN Magazine may be examined at the New York office of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.
5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying the scrambled stills, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Your solution of the twelve scrambled stills should be pasted or pinned together, with the names of the star and the picture written or typewritten below.
6. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.
7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.
8. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions received from the time the third set of scrambled stills appears to the moment of midnight on September 10th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SILVER SCREEN Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of scrambled stills appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the news stands on or about August 10th. The prize winners will be announced in the January 1932 issue of SILVER SCREEN.

SUGGESTIONS—Contestants may study the descriptive sentences in connection with the scrambled stills. These are the indicators for identifying the stills and stars and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the three sets of stills are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each still is a scene from a popular motion picture.

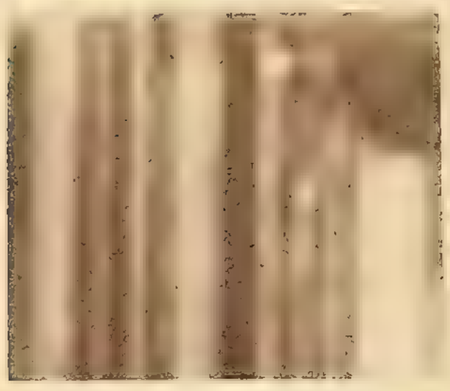


HURRELL

LUPE VELEZ

WILL "The Squawman" mean the end or the beginning of a new career for this little Mexican skyrocket? As you can see, Lupe has never appeared more radiant since the days of "The Gaucho" with Douglas Fairbanks. M-G-M claims her performance as the love-lorn little Indian girl is a thrill. Still, Lupe is going a-vaudevilling for RKO. And Gary Cooper is in the East without her . . .





















TURN BACK TO PAGE 50 FOR RULES ON THIS CONTEST!



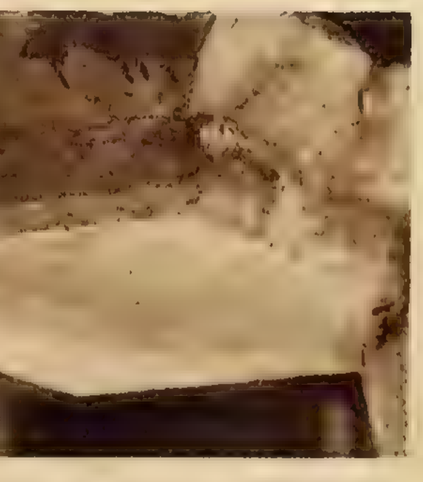














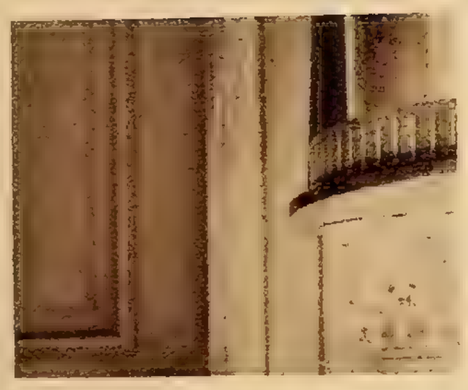






















ONE still is from the year's finest pioneer drama. One is from a talkie based on a very old melodrama. One is a society drama with a lovely lady playing the lead. The fourth stars a very hot star from a very cold country. And remember, all the pieces fit. They'll make just four stills—and no more
















RICHEE

CLARA BOW

THE girl who lost the breaks. She lost romance when her engagement with Harry Richman broke up. She lost faith in friendship with the Daisy DeVoe affair. She lost her health and is resting in a sanatorium. And now she's lost her contract with Paramount. But she hasn't lost her courage, or her beauty, or her fans. SILVER SCREEN hopes, Clara, that you'll soon be back, the same radiant, peppy kid of old



DYAR

PEGGY SHANNON

THE girl who got the breaks. A newcomer from the stage, Peggy Shannon was suddenly rushed into Clara Bow's rôle in "The Secret Call" when Clara collapsed. This is the second time good rôles have been taken away from Clara. The first time Sylvia Sidney took her place in "City Streets." Peggy Shannon, like Clara Bow, is a redhead, has appeared in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and has gray-blue eyes



RICHE

PHILLIPS HOLMES

ON THIS and the opposite page a blonde young man and a blonde young woman whom Hollywood prefers. Phil is single, eligible, and very much of a recluse. He goes to the theatre, but you seldom see him alone with a girl. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and educated at Princeton. He has captured one of the season's best rôles in "An American Tragedy"



FR

EVALYN KNAPP looks very content and why not? She is the fair-haired child of the Warner Bros. lot. You saw her in "The Millionaire" and you're going to see her in "Fame," with Lewis Stone. Her real name is Evalyn Pauline Knapp; she is Swedish-American. She likes corned beef and cabbage, and ice skating; but dislikes microscopic mustaches on men and parsnips—parsnips above all!

EVALYN KNAPP



·DY·

GARY COOPER is sailing for Algeria, China, and lands, far, far removed from Hollywood. Before he sailed he made "I Take This Woman." He has been ill. His romance with Lupe Velez has not yet developed into marriage. At thirty, how does he look on life? You'll find the answer in our "request interview" with Gary on the opposite page

GARY COOPER

Gary Cooper Faces Thirty

The Big Boy From Montana Discusses Love, Life and Hollywood

By

Edward Churchill



Despite the gossip that there was a lot of jealousy in making "Morocco," Gary says it was his favorite picture

"SOMETHING'S happening to Gary Cooper" was the whisper that went around the studios when "City Streets" was being made.

"Something happens to everyone who spends six years in Hollywood" was the usual cynical reply.

The thing that was happening to Gary was overwork. For six years now he has been one of the silver screen's most popular leading men. The public has demanded him, and his producers have complied with the request. Gary has worked steadily, until in "City Streets" Paramount noticed that six-foot-two Gary was down to one hundred and fifty-eight pounds in weight. Then, much against his protests, they sent him off to a hospital for a rest cure.

Gary hated it. He hated lying still.

They sent him away for ten days in Arizona. He liked that better. He selected Arizona himself, because the houses are far apart there and the stars hang down from the skies at night and the air is fine.

He came back to Hollywood ten pounds heavier, much rested and feeling different.

I went around to see him then, to find out what six years in the cinema village have really done to him.

Now, an interviewer's lot is not always an easy one. There are plenty of stars who give you a pain in the neck. There are the phony stars who ritz you, or do a lot of acting for your alleged benefit. There are other stars who are grand enough human beings but not very used to talking or to putting their ideas into words. And there are a few—a very few—like Gary, who are simple and direct, who do a lot of thinking, who are pretty honest about what they give to the public, and who want whatever they give to be their best.

Gary is not much of a talker, really. His words come slowly. He scowls and twists about, trying to say exactly what he thinks.

So when I asked him about what his six years of stardom had done to him, he didn't duck it. He got earnest as the devil and tried to answer it.

"Six years in Hollywood," he said, "make a person 'shell up'—crawl into a hole. You harden and you grow old fast—mentally, at least. The reason you do is because somebody is always staring at you, talking to you, or trying to sell you something you don't want.

"I've 'shelled up.' I've tried not to, but I know that I have. It's not my fault. It's the fault of those who have tried to make a sucker out of me."

That explains Gary's tautness and reserve that so many people have been talking about lately. It only goes for people he distrusts. With others, he's regular.

"It's easy to become conceited, I guess," he continued. "I've had to fight against that. It's natural to begin to believe your own press notices. You not only get a false concept of yourself but of other people as well. It's hard to help it."

Gary paused a moment.

"You know," he said, "I've got a formula for licking conceit. I just remember that in fifty per cent of my pictures I've done rotten work. That knocks the props out from any feeling of self- [*Continued on page* 74]

THIS story on Gary Cooper is SILVER SCREEN'S "request interview" for this month. Each month SILVER SCREEN will publish a request story on the star who gets the most votes for that month. So tell us whom you'd like to read about, and we'll do the rest. Send your vote to Sally Forth, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

More Movietown Topics

[*Continued from page* 43]

IRENE RICH'S daughter, Frances, who graduated from Smith College in June, will attempt to follow in mamma's footsteps this summer.

NOW that Tallulah Bankhead has met Robert Montgomery and Gary Cooper, she wants to meet her third favorite actor—Jackie Cooper.

ARLINE JUDGE, whom we listed in our June issue as one of the lucky twenty-eight youngsters who are getting the breaks in Hollywood, got a bad break recently. The old gag about the face on the cutting-room floor came true about her. She worked eight days in "An American Tragedy," went to the preview and found that she didn't show at all.

Harold Lloyd is building a beach house near Marion Davies' place at Santa Monica so his young family can be near the water and catch the sea breezes.

AFTER six months in jail for driving while intoxicated, Jimmy Murray took a two year dry pledge. He was the lad, you know, who did that dandy piece of acting in "The Crowd." He was all set for a comeback, too, but the same thing happened to him that has happened all his life. He broke the pledge. Too bad!

AFTER his smash-hit performance in "Cimarron," Richard Dix is receiving lots of offers which would take him away from Radio, and it's costing Bill LeBaron plenty of do-re-mi to keep him there. Dix has an agent for the first time since he came to Hollywood.

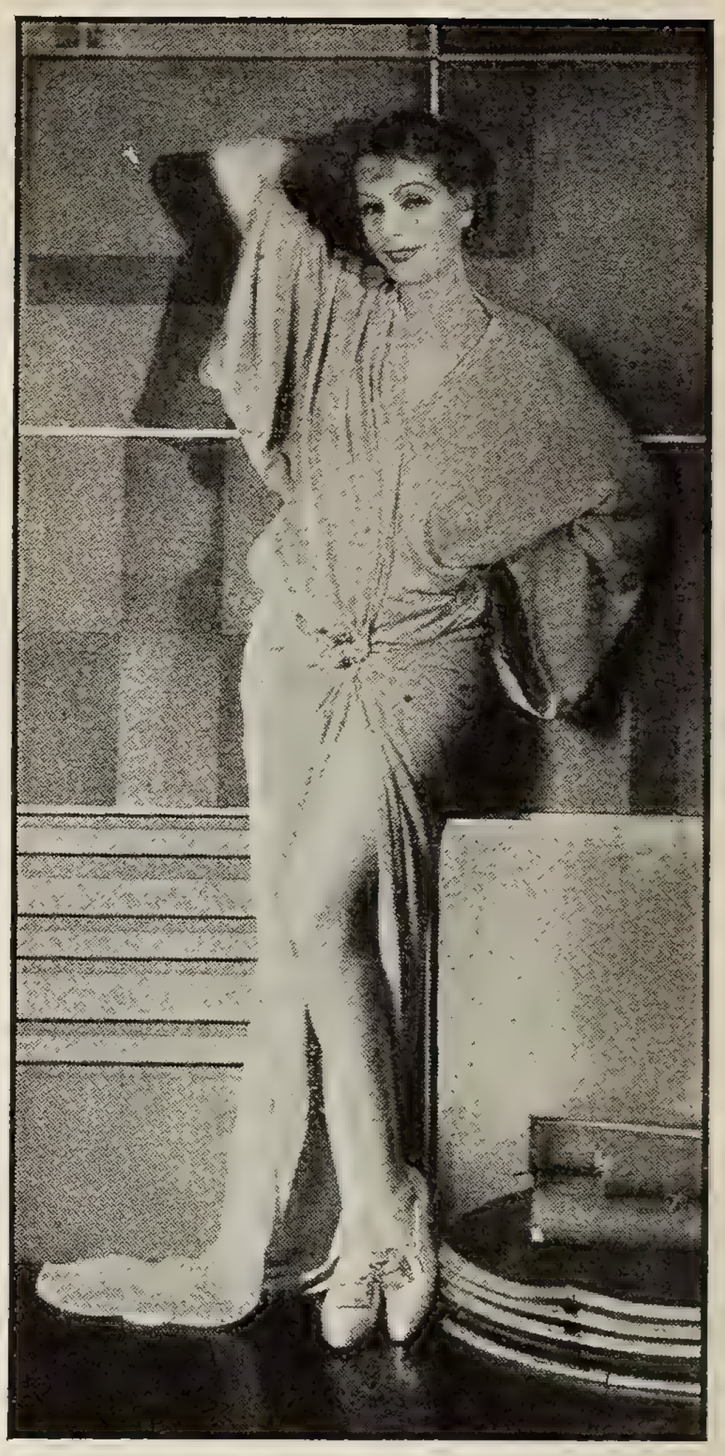
A SWEET young thing who had just a small part in "Bachelor Apartment" had stage fright and pasted her lines in a locker. She had to open the locker as she spoke and the camera was so placed the lines wouldn't show in the finished picture. But Lowell Sherman got wise and he made her repeat her lines by heart for half an hour, while he patiently rehearsed her.

SOMEWHERE around the time when Richard Barthelmess quit Inspirational Pictures for First National, a lad named Gardner James was "discovered" in Hollywood. He was the current rave, the Richard Cromwell of the year. Great things were predicted for him. He could hold Hollywood in the palm of his hand, and Hollywood would like it.

A few days ago a young man on his way to Universal Studios for a talking test was slugged by a crook and robbed of his entire capital—twenty cents.

Today he is in a hospital with a possible fracture of the skull.

Yes, of course, you guessed it. The young man is Gardner James.



Garbo? Nope. Look again. It's Juliette Compton revealing her art for you. But doesn't she look like the Swedish Sweetheart here?

Fifi Dorsay has been dropped by Fox. No cause given. Fifi will take a fling at vaudeville and maybe she'll go on the stage in something light and gay like the "Scandals."

HARRY LANGDON and his wife are suing James F. Dickason, millionaire real estate owner, for $500,000 damages for false arrest.

The coy funny man was buying a home in Beverly Hills on the time-payment plan and an argument arose over a payment or something. Anyway, Dickason had Langdon arrested.

So Harry's feelings have been hurt. He claims loss of sleep.

MOVIE folk just can't help being in the limelight, or at least fooling around something about dramatic art.

Helen Ferguson, May McAvoy, Gleen Tryon, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Clifford, Theodore von Eltz and Lloyd Hughes, all residents of Beverly Hills, have been helping the Community Players' Theatre get started. They've been coaching the new and younger actors who have much ambition but little professional knowledge.



Ken Maynard is one of the finest heroes of the wild-open-spaces-talkies, but at home he's a quiet gentleman who's been happily married for seven years. Maybe that's because Mrs. Ken takes no part in her husband's professional life but is glad to stay in the background!

NAZIMOVA *SAYS,*

"I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine —look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.



NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House,* became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome,* and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard.*

Lux Toilet Soap . . 10¢

Talkies in Tabloid

[*Continued from page 14*]

LAUGH AND GET RICH
Fair
(RKO)

A nice homey comedy about people who get rich when you least expect it. Hugh Herbert is grand as a ne'er-do-well who gets rich quick. Edna May Oliver is all right, but she was certainly funnier in "Cimarron." The picture's entertaining but not a laugh riot.

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE
Poor
(Columbia)

Not recommended. James Hall, Dorothy Sebastian and Walter Miller do their best with this railroad story, but it's not good enough to be worth seeing. It's all about the worthless son of the president who makes good on his father's road.

MAD PARADE, THE
Good
(Tiffany)

A war picture from the woman's angle, with not a male actor in the cast. It's about a feminine ambulance unit in France during the heaviest part of the war. Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda are in the cast.

MALTESE FALCON
Fair
(Warners)

Bebe Daniels is the nominal star of this mystery picture, but she hasn't much to do. Ricardo Cortez is interesting as a fast-thinking detective who solves the mystery behind a number of murders committed in an attempt to get hold of the Maltese Falcon, a statuette filled with precious stones.

MEET THE WIFE
Fair
(Columbia)

A bedroom farce about a wife who isn't aware of the fact that she has two husbands. Laura La Plante tells her second husband how good her first hubby was, and the pay-off comes when she learns that her first husband is still alive. If you like farces with a great deal of galloping around through hallways and bedrooms, you may like this one.

MILLIONAIRE, THE
Great
(Warners)

George Arliss scores again in a delightful characterization. He plays a grand old millionaire forced to retire by his doctor's orders, but unable to keep from working and from managing his daughter's love affair. David Manners, Noah Beery and Evalyn Knapp are all in the cast, but Arliss is responsible for the picture's real charm and humor.

MY PAST
Fair
(Warners)

A denatured version of "Ex-Mistress." Somehow, Bebe Daniels doesn't photograph as well as usual, and she doesn't get across the idea of red-hot sex appeal. She plays the ex-mistress of a business man, who falls in love with his junior partner.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET
Fair
(M-G-M)

A South Sea islands picture about the white, wealthy young chap in love with the half Polynesian girl. Two things save the picture from being utterly mediocre—the acting of Leslie Howard, Conchita Montenegro and Karen Morley, and the photography.

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE
Good
(Warners)

A gangster picture graphically and tensely told. It takes a group of gangsters from childhood days to the present day booze racket. It's underworld all right, a little too horrible perhaps, but will cause chills up and down your back. James Cagney is splendid.

QUICK MILLIONS
Good
(Fox)

A powerful story photographed like a newsreel, with short, snappy scenes. Spencer Tracy does fine work as the lad who uses a machine-gun as a short cut to millions. Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill also do good work. But "The Public Enemy" is more vivid.

SECRET SIX, THE
Good
(M-G-M)

An exciting gangster picture, which misses being great because it's a little too brutal and melodramatic. The secret six is a tribunal banded together to destroy gangsters. Leagued against them are Wallace Beery and his vicious gang. The cast is great, with Clark Gable turning in a performance you'll never forget.

SEED
Good
(Universal)

A tear-jerker which most women will enjoy and most men will consider just sentimental tripe. John Boles doesn't sing but goes dramatic. His childhood sweetheart understands his yearning to write, so he leaves his wife and children and goes with her. In later years he returns and realizes what a bitter mistake he has made. Lois Wilson gives a touching performance as the wife.

SHIPMATES
Good
(M-G-M)

Robert Montgomery's first starring picture. A gay, full of fun picture that'll send you away happy. Bob plays a poor boy who's mistaken for a millionaire oil lad, gets a place on the Admiral's ship and falls in love with his daughter. Dorothy Jordan is charming as the daughter; and Bob Montgomery is grand.

SKIPPY
Great
(Paramount)

Don't you dare miss this great kid story! It's so darned human you'll want to laugh and cry at the same time. It's just a plain drama of kid worries, laughs, joys, disappointments and heartbreaks. It shows how parents may fail to understand children. Jackie Cooper is a positive sensation as Skippy, and Robert Coogan has a wistful appeal all his own.

STEPPING OUT
Good
(M-G-M)

One long and hearty laugh. Charlotte Greenwood is the merriest of fun-makers in this rip-roaring farce about a couple of husbands who flirt around a bit with a couple of girl friends while their wives are away. The wives return unexpectedly and the fun begins!

SUBWAY EXPRESS
Fair
(Columbia)

A mystery picture whose entire action is confined to what happens in a subway express train in New York. Jack Holt as a police inspector solves the mystery of how a man was suddenly killed in the train as the lights went out. Lacking in variety and inaccurate in details.

SVENGALI
Great
(Warners)

One of John Barrymore's best bits of acting. He makes the character of Svengali a truly haunting one. There is excellent photography to help out his brilliant performance as the hypnotist under whose power Trilby deserted her sweetheart to rise to greatness as a singer. Marian Marsh is a bit immature but lovely as Trilby.

TARNISHED LADY
Fair
(Paramount)

An interesting new star makes her début in a slow and silly picture. The star is Tallulah Bankhead, who is the only redeeming feature of the picture. The story is about a girl who marries a rich man to save her mother, though she loves another. When her husband loses his money, she learns his true value.

TEXAS RANGER, THE
Good
(Columbia)

Here's a wild wooly one for the Buck Jones fans. It's really much better than the average Western. Buck Jones is sent out to capture a girl suspected of murder. Of course, he falls in love with her, and also of course, she turns out to be innocent. But the acting of the cast is good enough to overcome this trite plot.

THREE ROGUES
Fair
(Fox)

The rogues are Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon. The story's about a valuable map in the possession of the heroine, Fay Wray. There's fast shooting, fast riding, and a land rush in this one.

TRAVELING HUSBANDS
Fair
(RKO)

If you like a picture which changes from farce to tragic melodrama in five reels, you may want to rate this as "good." Evelyn Brent's performance deserves praise, at any rate. The story starts off as a comedy about a traveling salesman but ends up with a shooting, melodrama and mystery.

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE
Fair
(Universal)

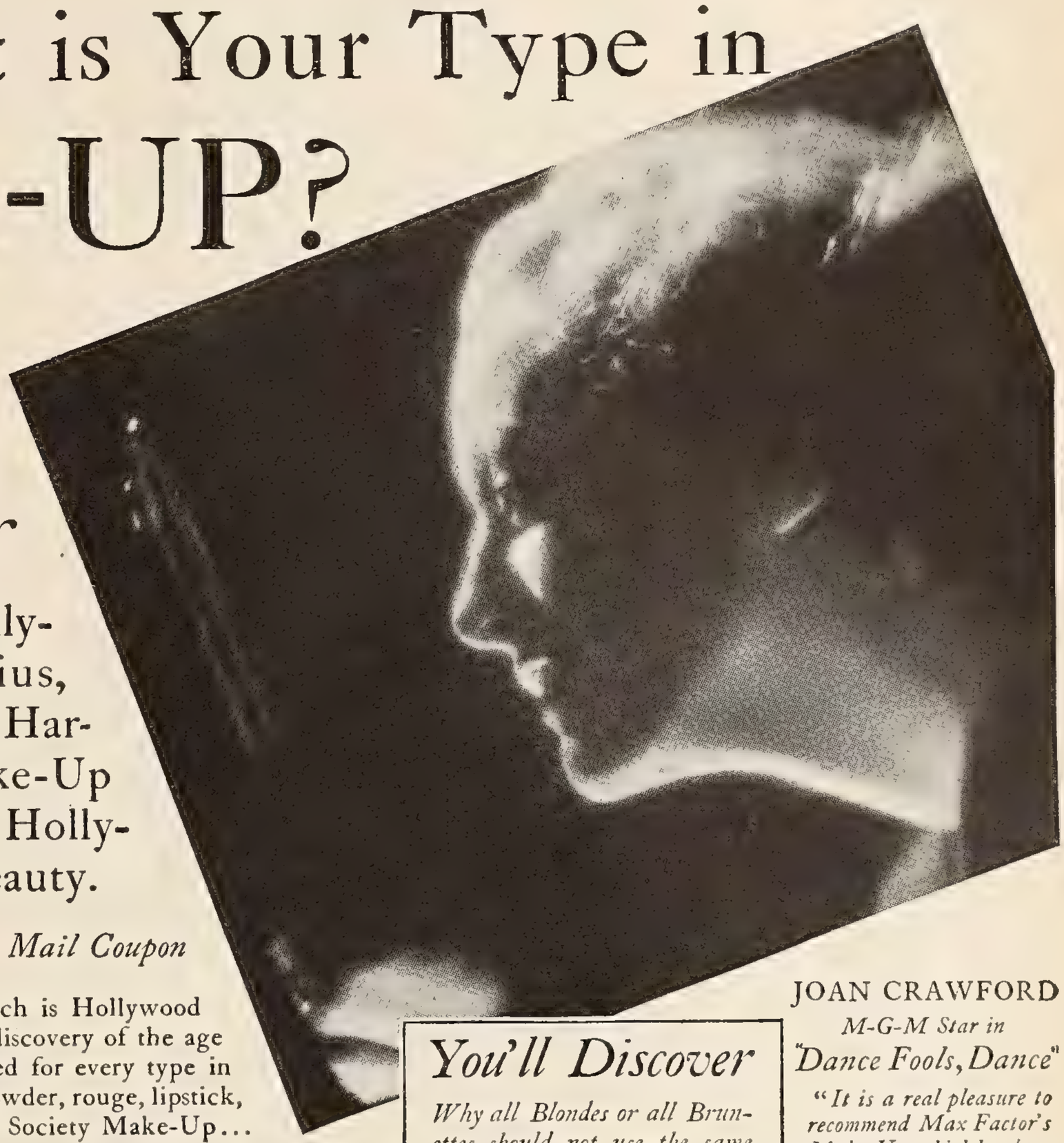
A farce about a man who tried to treat his wife according to directions from his mother, a lovelorn adviser. He was entirely too bashful a bridegroom, until a vamp stepped in and taught him some things not in the lovelorn columns. Elliott Nugent, Jean Arthur and Betty Compson are in the cast, but the comedy's not as spicy as it sounds.

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A
Fair
(Pathé)

A feminine spy with a past falls madly in love with a nice chap, William Bakewell. His folks object until her dangerous duties lead to her being shot, and then they let the two marry because the spy has only six more months to live. Helen Twelvetrees does right by this yarn, but this yarn doesn't do right by Helen.

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M-G-M Star in
"Dance Fools, Dance"

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Joan Crawford

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Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty, for Max Factor's is used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

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The difference between theatrical and street make-up.

Three secrets of successful every day make-up.

Answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems.

How new beauty effects are created in the laboratory for the screen stars.



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in M-G-M's "The Secret Six" with Max Factor—Hollywood's Make-Up Genius — applying face powder in the correct color harmony tones.

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Cosmetics of the Stars ☆ ☆ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"* personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.)

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COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

Who Says Hollywood Isn't Loyal?

[*Continued from page* 39]

went, those strange two, to the sanatorium together.

For many months of Mabel's illness, Lew also lay abed. Each sent the other cheery messages, claiming an improvement in health; neither would worry the other. They did not publicize affection; they practised it. Mabel died February 23, 1930.

For Lew there were nine months of pain followed by three of convalescence. For a while a numb grief folded a gentle mantle over him. A pervading emptiness, rather. There suddenly didn't seem to be anything to do. And no one to ease his loneliness. No Mabel to baby, no Mabel to chide and fight with, to laugh over him.

It was then that his actor pals rallied to his side.

In a twinkling, it seemed that every one was there, kidding him well.

"Norman Kerry, Mickey Neilan, Renee Adoree, Dot Sebastian, Roscoe Arbuckle, Allan Dwan—oh, dozens of them—would sacrifice the rare free day to drive to Palm Springs," Lew told me.

"Marion Davies sent a projection machine, an operator and films twice a week. I saw more pictures than I would have, had I been at work. Mary and Doug sent a print of theirs by special messenger. The publicity gang at M-G-M would barge in frequently for a lot of tomfoolery. Each day there were notes and ridiculous wires. Many brought cakes; Lowell Sherman never came without a kidney-pie.

"No one sympathized. They would gloat over their highballs, laughing at the old soak with his peanut-bars and popcorn. All offered me their cellars, knowing they were safe. They would deride me for being a 'softie,' when they had to work 'like slaves.'

"What a grand crowd! We laughed at the same old jokes, for they were a loved part of our association—like comfortable pillows. Buster Keaton would do somersaults, Nick Lucas would sing, Van and Schenck would play the uke, and the Duncan Sisters would sing 'Remembering.'

"I have a keener appreciation of friendship now. Every one was true-blue. They speak of kind acts returning a hundredfold. But—I had cast no bread upon the waters, especially. I didn't deserve it.

"All indicated that I could have money if I needed it. Fortunately, I had a little income. Away back, my manager put me on an allowance."

But even at that there were difficult days, full of pain and unhappiness. But when he got into one of those moods, Lew would think of Mabel.

"She never outgrew her childlike spirit. I always had to bring her puzzles and toys. How she loved surprises!

"She made make-believe real. A huge box containing in its center some ten-cent-store trifle would delight her. I must have jokes ready. 'Bring me three gags,' she would whisper.

"From a benefit show at San Quentin I brought her doilies the women convicts had made. She would arrange them on the bed and pretend to give a dinner party. Mabel was so loved because she loved people.

"But I have tried not to grieve. We were fond of each other; we understood each other. I feel that if I were glum, Mabel would dance into the room, her hair all awry, her eyes snapping, and give me a saucy, 'What are you trying to act now, a tragedy? Oh, my Hamlet!' "

Thus Lew learned to laugh at his own troubles.

Now with health and success returned, he lives quietly in his Beverly Hills home. The home's real heart is downstairs. The old bar adjoins a den. On the twangy piano many a song hit was first pounded out. At the long table, with its liquid-proof cover, he seats twenty-six convivial souls at his famed "stinking dinners." Barrymore, Neilan, Sherman and others whose "favorite menus" make dainty reading, guzzle corned-beef and cabbage. Gloria Swanson once entered wearing a gas-mask!

On the walls are framed old theatre bills and historical mementos. A wire, signed "Jack Barrymore" and received last year, extends congratulations on Lew's "thirty-second birthday," adding, "I looked us both up in the *World Almanac* and find that I'm thirty-one."

Countless similar tokens from hearts that have bridged the years are dear to him. And there is the famed door for which Rudolph Valentino offered him five thousand dollars, a precious, scarred relic, scrawled over with names of the famous. The signatures of Jim Corbett, who posed for the first pictures that moved, and of Lew Ayres are side by side.

Hollywood itself is there, many seasons, in mute eloquence. Norma Talmadge's name, Rudy's characteristic hand-writing, "Nazi's" definite strokes, Bill Russell's neat signature, Mabel's round childish script.

Somehow, those who are with us no more seem to sit with Lew and his guests.

His play-porch is a hodge-podge of puzzles, baseball boards and trick games. Mabel gave him that spirit of play.

Despite those gray-streaked temples, Lew looks enthusiastically into the future. "Just an old fire-horse—" he exulted. "My work really is a lark now. Dialogue eases the silent movie's burden of pantomimic interpretation. It is more interesting than ever. I want to do farce."

In "Beyond Victory," "Not Exactly Gentlemen," "The Common Law," "Meet The Wife" and "A Woman of Experience," you will see the Lew of old, debonair and ironic. But if you are one of those people blessed with the gift for looking beyond the image for the reality, I believe that you will also see the gaiety that is Mabel.

Hollywood's Going Highbrow!

[*Continued from page* 41]

pictures a year at Warners', she has insisted that her contract be worded so as to permit her annual Paris trip.

Ruth Chatterton, an early talkie invader, can be credited with causing as much upheaval as any single stage person. When she first became important in pictures, she was resented terribly.

Hollywood heard she gave very small dinner parties—not more than eight or ten guests—that she used only white orchids and white lamps in her drawing room, that she spoke French like a native, that charades was her favorite parlor game and that playwrights, men of letters, of wit and distinction loved to be her guests. Hollywood mimicked Ruth's broad a's and snickered.

It was not long, however, before the small dinner parties was the rage, and other ladies began to collect writers, musicians and smart young men.

Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere were also donors of a good many shocks. They gave Hollywood Bowl parties, taking as many as one hundred and fifty guests on one occasion to hear Wagnerian strains under the stars.

Basil, quite unintentionally, almost caused a social revolution on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. He liked his four o'clock afternoon tea and had it on the set even when working. The tea habit spread like wildfire through the studio and there was such a rush on the commissary that an executive decided the girls and boys were wasting too much time and issued an edict. An occasional coca cola or bottle of pop was all right but none of this every day tea.

However, tea is served every afternoon now at Esther Ralston's beauty parlor, a little Chinese maid making the rounds of the patrons. And John Farrow, a scenario writer, sent a cocktail party hostess into a dither not long ago by demanding tea instead of gin. There wasn't any in the house—tea, I mean.

Rathbone did much to give the valet idea impetus. Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Richard Barthelmess always had valets, of course, but now I am told even Wally Beery has someone to tie his ties and draw his bath water. And Ivan Lebedeff has popularized hand-kissing by reducing it to a fine art.

The Lawrence Tibbett influence is felt in the increased interest in the musicale, the opera, the Bowl and the Philharmonic concerts. It was the Tibbetts who introduced the musical evening.

There's much greater elegance in dress today. Movie queens used to like to dress

like movie queens. Color, dash and extravagance in cut and material were important. Lilyan Tashman, who goes in for odd, bizarre effects and really can herself wear "different" things, had been considered a model.

Miss Bennett hove upon the scene in simple, Paris frocks. Everyone knew the Bennett clothes cost money, lots of it, so they drew attention. Constance, who has reduced the science of dressing to fine art, gave them all sorts of ideas with her simplicity. And Ina Claire, who dared wear a tailored tweed to the Embassy for luncheon instead of something picturesque, was also food for thought. Marie Dressler in her simple black evening dresses with one string of pearls gave Polly Moran ideas.

Gradually, Hollywood took the cue. It has grown much more subdued and is in much better taste now, as a whole, although occasionally a star will be a star.

Recently at a benefit tea to which a number of prominent movie personages lent their presence, Thelma Todd appeared in a pink and white sports outfit. She had to leave early.

"Don't go," pleaded one of the hostesses. "Do stay around and let people look at you. You're so picturesque. You look like a motion picture star." Thelma didn't like the remark very well, and went right along.

Possibly Ann Harding and Helen Hayes, two charming and accomplished young women from the stage, who prove conclusively that an actress may have both a career and babies, are responsible for the revival of that fine American custom of having babies. At any rate, there's the Thalberg heir and the fact that both Esther Ralston and Bebe Daniels are expecting.

Bill Haines is making money out of his and the movie colony's interest in the arts. He "interior decorates" and he planned and designed several rooms in Joan and Doug Fairbanks' new house. He also has an antique shop which is thriving. And I know two other interior decorators who have waiting lists. Hollywood wants its home done up right.

Clive Brook has written short stories and sold them.

Charles Rogers is studying French.

The Dominos club—women screen players' group—has French and fencing classes for its members. Also, it goes in heavily for large afternoon affairs. Recently it threw a party for the press—reputed never to take anything but Bourbon or Scotch—and served tea in fragile china cups and dainty sandwiches. What is more, the press, forewarned, came and enjoyed themselves.

If we are getting into clubs, there's the Embassy where the stars may go and eat and not be stared at. It is quiet, exclusive, closed to the public. (In the old days, try and sell a star on the idea of going somewhere she wouldn't be seen and attract attention!) The monthly Mayfair parties, for that matter, have almost put the hotel dancing contests and parties out of business.

Yes, indeed, even pleasure has been refined, and gilded. There's a new speakeasy on DeLongprere, which, I am told, boasts footmen in livery. And the stars go to Agua Caliente instead of Tia Juana.

There have been changes—lots of them. Culture holds the spot in Hollywood today.



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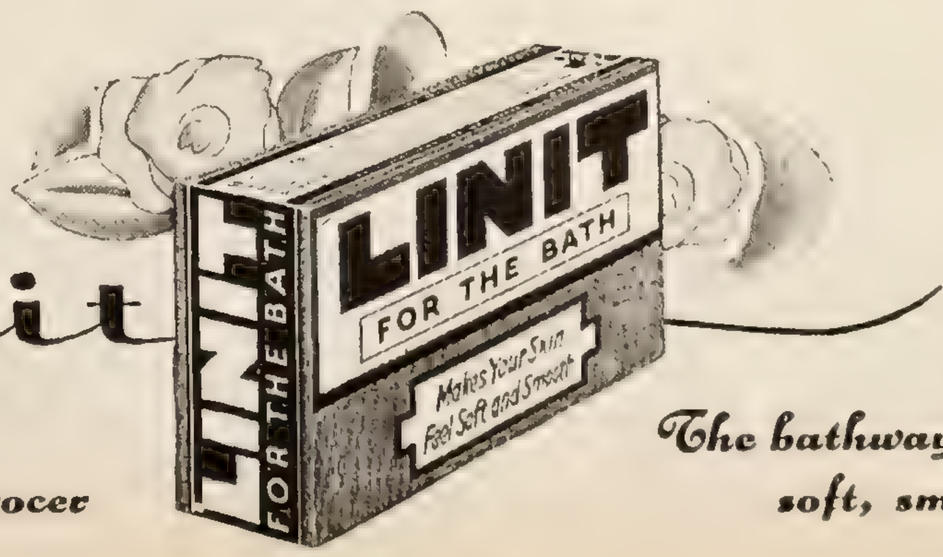
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A Champagne Cinderella

[*Continued from page 26*]

with Miriam at her apartment, the 'phone kept ringing. It was the day after the preview of "The Smiling Lieutenant," and it seemed as if all the theatrical producers in town had plays in which they wanted Miriam to appear.

"Isn't it funny?" she sighed. "When you can get one job, you can get fifty. A few years ago I trudged all over New York looking for a job, and I couldn't find one. I came to John Golden's office about three or four times and each time his secretary told me that Mr. Golden couldn't see me and that they weren't doing any casting. Finally, I got angry and I promised myself that I would never call again at that office, but that some day I would make Mr. Golden send for me. Well, a few days ago a card arrived, asking me to call. I shall call, but I shan't be in any hurry about it. I'm going to make him wait."

At the outset of her stage career Miriam Hopkins played in a lot of heavy tragedies like "Excess Baggage." Now she's going in for light lines and cheers.

"Tragedy does your soul a lot of good, however," she said. "When you can go around the theatre saying, 'Oh, my God!' it's an emotional outlet. I'm always pleasant around the house when I'm playing emotional parts in the theatre. When I'm playing in comedies, I'm always a little disagreeable around the house."

I hate to think of what she must have been like when she was playing in "The Smiling Lieutenant." It's a wickedly delightful comedy.

And now I suppose you'll be wanting to know the facts of life about Miriam. Miriam Hopkins is her real name. She was born in Georgia on October 18, about twenty-five years ago. She comes of an old Southern family, but way back she's of French and English ancestry.

Her folks wanted her to be an old-fashioned Southern girl, with all the good old accomplishments. Her mother made her practise the piano faithfully. She hated it. Now she has a player piano.

She went to Goddard Seminary in Vermont and graduated on crutches. She had broken her ankle in between acts in the class play, but had been so excited that she went on with the next act without noticing that anything was wrong.

She studied dancing and got a job in a ballet company that was going to South America. On the day the boat sailed she broke her ankle again.

She gave up dancing, got a job in vaudeville, and later went on the stage.

Her movie début was made in "Fast and Loose," a sprightly but unimportant little comedy. "The Smiling Lieutenant" is her second picture.

Before entering the movies she had seen about four pictures. Now she sees lots of them. She never wears mascara when she goes to the movies because she cries very easily.

She would like to see Garbo appear on the stage. She thinks that the Viking Venus has a quality that would shine through anything — pantomime, the movies, the stage, even grand opera.

Miriam Hopkins also admires Joan Crawford tremendously.

She would walk a mile to see Menjou.

But her favorite of favorites is little Robert Coogan, who appeared in "Skippy."

"I think I'll sit down and write Master Bobby Coogan a fan letter," she said. "He gave me more of a thrill than John Gilbert ever did. I've stuck Bobby's picture over a mirror on my dressing table."

Besides the movies, painting is one of her hobbies, and another is sitting in a dank corner of a speakeasy and talking till all hours of the morning. She really doesn't drink much—just romantic liqueurs like champagne, sherry and Bacardis—but she likes talking in out-of-the-way places. At the movie studio she loves to sit around and talk to electricians and prop boys.

She's thinking of buying a little farm in Tuxedo, N. Y. She isn't sure whether she wants to get it because she likes farms, or because gardening clothes this season are so scrumptious.

She isn't sure whether she wants babies or not, but when she sees the darling baby things in department store windows, she feels that she ought not to deprive them of those lovely things.

Miriam Hopkins has a swell library of books. Once she used to collect a few rare books, but after spending something like $240 for James Joyce's "Ulysses," she decided she was silly and gave it away.

When she's feeling blue ("low in the head" she calls it) she'd like to have someone sit and play to her on the violin.

She likes to have men make a fuss over her and tell her that they've been dying to meet her. And that's naughty.

But underneath it all, she's deeply in love with her own husband. And that's nice.

I like people who are naughty but nice, don't you?

Are You Self-Conscious?

[*Continued from page 35*]

"Are other players nervous and shaking?" I demand.

"Most of them—the ones who really try to act."

"How about Garbo?"

"Garbo suffers more than anyone on the lot," she tells me. "Garbo has been criticised for being temperamental. Truth of the matter is that she's scared to death every time she starts working.

"Garbo puts opaque screens, called 'flats,' around her so that even those working with her cannot see her. When Douglas was working with her in 'A Woman of Affairs,' I went to her set to watch her.

"The 'flats' went up in my face. I understood. I felt very sorry for her. I left the set immediately. Later, when she learned that I had been trying to watch her and Doug, she became terribly upset and asked me to tea."

About this time, I give up. Joan is a very convincing young woman. The best part about interviewing her is that you don't have to ask questions.

"I'm worse on some days than on others," she says. "There are times when I can't stand the sight of workers on the stage. I keep hearing voices which say 'Who told her she can act,' 'Isn't she awful,' 'I could do better myself'—"

Edmund Goulding, the director, once saw Joan standing on one foot. She used to do that in the early days, from sheer nervousness.

"Stand on both your feet," Goulding commanded. "Never get into the habit of standing on one. When your feet aren't both on the ground and planted far apart, you haven't any control over yourself."

She took his advice and that helped.

" 'Paid' was the hardest picture I ever made," she explains. "It was eighteen years old, and practically every leading dramatic actress in America had played it at one time or another. I was desperately afraid I couldn't measure up to previous performances of those stars.

"I worked all day the first day of 'Paid.' I tried and tried. I was frightened to death. Every leading studio executive came onto the set and tried to encourage me. Nothing did any good. At 6:30 at night I was carried off the stage in hysterics and not one take had been made."

Self-consciousness makes it hard for Joan to rehearse. She puts so much into her work—a nervous energy, so to speak—that when the time comes for actual takes, too many rehearsals make her limp and listless. Her first attempt is usually the one used in a picture, no matter how many retakes are ordered by the director.

Music helps her with her work.

"I wish the audience might understand how we feel," she says. "One who is self-conscious not only has a hard time registering in front of a camera, but also is affected by the reactions of those who later see the picture. A kindly word in a letter may mean a successful day at the studio, while an unkind letter, received in the morning, may blight all the activity of the next twenty-four hours."

Joan doesn't know Charlie Bickford very well. But she thinks the world of Charlie because of his thoughtful treatment of her on one occasion when they were virtual strangers. She was having a tough time with the most highly dramatic sequence in "Paid." She had done it again and again.

Bickford was watching her. She didn't know it. The dramatic action called for tears and she gave them. She didn't think

she was doing good work. At the end of the umpty-seventh take, when she could, she thought, stand the strain no longer, she ran from the stage, went behind the scenes; and continued to cry.

Suddenly, she felt an arm about her.

"There, there, Joan," said a man. "Don't cry. It's all right. You're doing great, kid."

She looked up. The man was Charlie Bickford.

His understanding of her feelings and his attempt to comfort her stopped the tears. Work continued happily.

"Sympathy like that makes life worth while," she says.

Joan wishes she weren't sensitive and self-conscious, but she knows that to have these reactions is best for her.

"They whip me and goad me into doing better work," she says. "One who is afraid that he is not doing well is bound to improve."

Self-consciousness has haunted her footsteps ever since she was a child. When, as a little girl in Kansas City, she used to "play show," she was good until she realized how many people were watching her. Then she used to become frightened. She couldn't stand harsh criticism.

"Today, when I stand in front of a camera, harsh criticism is what I fear most," she explains. "On the other hand, I don't care for false praise. There is a great deal of hollow applause in Hollywood. I don't like gushy tributes and obvious flattery. I remember, not long ago, seeing Ina Claire in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.' I thought her work was miraculous. But I didn't feel like running up to her and gushing.

"I was so overcome by her work that I couldn't say anything, in fact. I just took her hand and kissed it."

Joan has just signed a five-year contract with Metro. She is glad that Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg have so much faith in her, and recognizes this as a tribute. However, she is unhappy because the contract bars her from stage appearances.

"I believe that stage work would drive some of this self-consciousness out of me," she declares. "Doug, Jr., is self-conscious, but doesn't suffer as I do. He says that the reason for this is the experience which he has had behind the footlights."

She gets a call to go to work. Nick Grindy, the director, knows how to handle her for the scene, which is a dramatic one.

"Play some show music on that panatrope," he calls.

Quiet again. The work goes on.

After a while, she finishes. She comes back to her dressing room.

"Do you mind extras on the set?" I ask. "I think, perhaps, they might be the ones who would say, 'I could do better myself—' "

"No," she replied. "They are players, and they understand how I feel and how hard I try. It's the stage hands who make it hardest. They are the most difficult to please.

"I'll probably never get over being self-conscious. However, there'll be one great victory in my life—"

"When'll that be?" I ask.

"When I do such a good job of acting that I make the workers around the set either laugh or cry."



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The Stars Who Used to Be

[*Continued from page* 23]

lips is now a featured player doing character rôles.

Paramount's "Skippy" gave us Enid Bennett and Helen Jerome Eddy as the mothers of Skippy and Sooky. In "Skippy" they support a star who had not yet made his initial appearance on earth when they were headliners—eight-year-old Jackie Cooper. Mae Marsh, the poignantly appealing "Little Sister" in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," comes back to us as the mother in Fox's talkie version of "Over the Hill." Happily married to Louis Lee Arms and the mother of three children, it took the most tempting of rôles to lure Mae back to the screen. Thomas Meighan, who retired three years ago a wealthy man, has also been coaxed back by Fox. Remember Tommy as Pauline Frederick's leading man and later as a star in his own right? The character part of the trainer in "Young Sinners" is his comeback rôle.

But there are former stars who do not even enjoy the dignity of a "comeback." They cannot come back because they have never really been away. They plug along in small parts, bits—even extra work. Their glory is dimmed—sometimes extinguished altogether—yet they cling to the profession which they love. It's in their blood. They prefer the faded remnants of a screen career to better paid and less precarious work in any other field. Their names—often not on the cast sheet—are legion. Probably you do not even recognize them during their fleeting and infrequent moments on the screen. But watch sharply and perhaps you'll catch a glimpse of Helen Holmes. Remember how you waited eagerly for the next chapter of her breath-taking railway serial? How you marvelled at her daring? Or Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, serial co-stars,—perhaps you've seen them playing a bit or a small rôle in some current star's picture.

Remember when you saw Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "A Connecticut Yankee"? Rosemary, a famous vamp in the days when vamping was less subtle but more picturesque, plays small rôles now and then. Harry Myers has fared somewhat better—his rôle was second to Chaplin's in "City Lights." In the silent version of "A Connecticut Yankee," however, he was second to none. Yet today his superb portrayal of the ingenious Yankee is only an object of reminiscent comparison with Will Rogers' more recent one.

Henry B. Walthall (have you forgotten "The Tell-tale Heart"?) is playing father rôles now. And Robert Warwick—as a leading man, he caused a good deal of heart trouble a decade or so ago—is playing heavies.

No matinée idol ever had a more fanatically devoted following than Francis X. Bushman. His romance with his co-star Beverly Bayne was the Gaynor-Farrell idyll of an earlier day. Even though Bushman was married to another woman and had five children, his fans persisted in linking his name romantically with his lovely leading lady's. Eventually he actually did divorce his wife and married Beverly. They are divorced now. Bushman recently appeared to advantage in "Once a Gentleman," but Edward Everett Horton was the star of the picture. Work has been scarce for the once famous screen lover. So scarce that not long ago he advertised that he was willing to sell himself in matrimony to the highest bidder—a gesture which brought him much unfavorable criticism.

There was a day when William Farnum had his own unit at Fox and drew down $10,000 a week. His he-man portrayals made him a great favorite with both men and women. Not long ago Bill appeared in support of Norma Talmadge in "Du Barry" and more recently with Tom Santschi (shades of "The Spoilers") in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." His salary, needless to say, was considerably below the five figure class.

Many of the old favorites, of course, have definitely retired. There's the inimitable Marguerite Clark, living in New Orleans with her husband, Lieutenant Williams. Few people realize that Marguerite was 28 when she made "Snow White." Beloved for her engaging little-girl quality, she would today undoubtedly be facing the problems which are breaking Mary Pickford's heart had she remained on the screen.

Connie Talmadge is content to be simply the wife of Townsend Netcher. She proved her preference for marriage as a career not long ago by turning down a marvelous part. Katharine MacDonald, the "American Beauty," and her equally famous sister, Mary MacLaren, both deserted the screen for matrimony. Katharine, married for the third time, is now the wife of a wealthy Santa Barbaran. Mary, separated from her British army officer husband, is back in Hollywood running a decorating shop. Then there are Dorothy Dalton, Anita Stewart, Shirley Mason—all concentrating on being wives.

Business, too, has claimed many. You've heard of Kathleeen Clifford's florist shop, Katharine MacDonald's cosmetics, Ruth Roland's real estate.

But not all the retired stars are content with their lot. Many still hanker for their make-up boxes. Ruth Roland has more money than she knows what to do with—yet she tried to make a comeback in "Reno." Bill Hart comes down to Hollywood from his big ranch occasionally. He visited M-G-M during the filming of "Billy the Kid," and though he said nothing, there was a yearning look in his eyes. Belle Bennett and Blanche Sweet have turned to vaudeville—but only until movie producers remember what fine actresses they are. Ella Hall is working as a salesgirl in Magnin's, an exclusive Hollywood shop, only because extra work proved too scarce. Beautiful Beverly Bayne sought a return to the screen via the stage route but the play was still-born. Charlie Ray has been playing in stock—but not from choice. In their hearts I believe all of them cherish dreams of a screen comeback. They may not admit it—even to themselves—but the longing—and the hope—are there.

This, then, is the happiest group of the stars who once were. But there is that other crowd, a pathetic little band who have faced poverty and neglect and are now facing loneliness and old age. Their stories are better though sadder histories. Florence Turner, Mary Alden, Louise Huff, Pauline Starke, Mildred Harris, Pauline Frederick, to mention just a few. I'll tell you more of them next month.

Portrait of a Dark-Haired Lady

[*Continued from page* 38]

Having her fortune told is her idea of a good time. She is always visiting some fortune teller's booth, sometimes leaving it in a rage because she has been recognized and kowtowed to.

She has a few pet "don'ts" that are small but very important to her. Her husband will vouch for that. For instance—"I hate being rushed when I am dressing and being told that I'm wrong, even if I am. I prefer discreet, rather than blunt, comment. Most of all I dislike being told that I'm too tired to go out when I want to go out. Chiefly, I suppose, because I am too tired to argue convincingly."

She is five feet two inches tall, weighs a hundred and twelve pounds, wears a size four shoe and six glove. She is known to be one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She never appears in anything that is obtrusive or offensive. The sophisticated simplicity of her costume is more striking than if she had been blatant in her choice of dress.

Her appearance on the screen is usually the opposite of her own dress. In pictures she usually wears very exotic, mysterious and "vampish" gowns. Her dark beauty (so think the producers) is a splendid background for the ornate, and she is often asked to wear feathers, which she loathes.

Her hair is bobbed—has been bobbed for several years—and will remain bobbed as long as the Brent likes, regardless of the dictates of Dame Fashion.

She chooses few friends, and those that she does have she never loses. She appears in public but seldom, and prefers the discreet atmosphere of an exclusive club to the popular eating places. Not that she is snobbish, but she can't stand noise.

On the screen she is baffling—intriguing—mysterious. Vivid yet sombre. Actually she is quiet—unassuming—intense.

She hates being placed in the same sort of rôle time after time. She once secured a release from a company because they were featuring her in so many pictures that were all alike that she was in danger of being "typed."

She is frank—too frank. Her bluntness sometimes is painful. There are times when her remarks could be tempered with a smile—to her own advantage.

She hates having "still" pictures made, and is almost invariably late to such an appointment. At other times she is strictly punctual and dislikes it intensely if anyone else is not.

She once posed for James Montgomery Flagg, and her face was as well-known on the covers of magazines as it is in motion pictures today.

She has played everything from "atmosphere" to leading lady.

She has appeared on the legitimate stage in Europe. Her first stage appearance was made in "Ruined Lady" in London. It was this play that attracted so much attention in that country that an English movie company persuaded her to play the lead in several pictures there. More than once she was tempted to give up pictures altogether but she came back for more.

Contrary to public opinion, she was not born in England but in Tampa, Florida. Her ancestors were southerners (New Orleans), and it is to them that she owes the suggestion of French, or rather Creole, coloring.

She works with fierce intensity and is ruthless in putting aside anything that interferes with her work. She actually revels in being "dog tired." She sometimes loses as much as ten pounds in the making of a picture. She is almost never ill, and considers trivial an ailment that might send another person to bed.

She is temperamental. She is prone to fly into quick rages and as prone to forget and forgive, although she is capable of harboring a grudge. Someone once said of her, "She is temperamental like a kid."

She has been married twice.

Her favorite colors are black and white, although she is able to wear any color well. Her dark hair and eyes enable her to wear such striking colors as flames—blues—greens—and reds.

She has a favorite word which she uses a great deal—"regular." "I would rather be called regular than anything else I can think of," she says.

That is about as good a word as any to describe her. She *is* a regular person. She has been "broke"—has known hunger and suffering. She has reached the pinnacle of success—and still she takes it all like the swell trouper that she is. She doesn't show the unhappy side of her past much—but there are times, when she is unaware of prying eyes, that the shadows far back in her eyes mirror the suffering of the past. There is that cynical quirk of her mouth—the ironical lines at the corners of her eyes—a smile that seems wry but is really only wistful—the independent tilt of her chin—that all go to show the unfathomable part of her personality. It's like trying to describe red to a blind man to describe Evelyn Brent. One just has to say—she's an elegant gal.

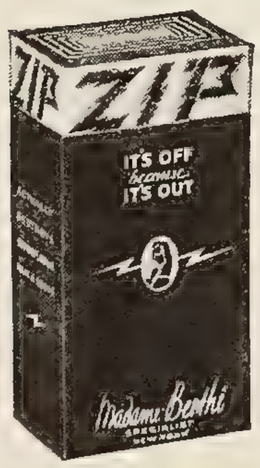
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Footnotes of Beauty

[*Continued from page* 6]

over the other and deposit them in the bottom of a limousine or even a sports roadster, you can wear the highest heeled slippers made and it won't make much difference. For you won't be using your feet except for exhibition purposes and you might as well make them appear fragile and useless.

If you walk on them, do wear medium, Cuban, square or flat heels; shoes that are light in the sole and in the material used; shoes that fit correctly, neither too tight nor too loose. The Oxfords shown with this article, or the sport shoes are both excellent. The Oxfords will go nicely with your street clothes, when you're being dressy, too.

If you stand a great deal, get a heel and a toe that are low and broad, and if you are where your feet won't be visible, it is a wise idea to get a high, laced shoe to save your ankles. These shoes aren't pretty, of course, but they will save you much in energy.

Remember, most of us need a broader shoe in summer than in winter and that shoes ought always to be made so that the foot can get some air. I like particularly the new shoes made of different fabrics, such as crêpe de Chine and various linens and those delightful little sandals made of woven straw. These latter are ideal summer footwear because they are cool, low-heeled, smart and inexpensive. I always have dozens of pairs of them myself.

Stockings should follow the rule of not being too long or too short and they ought to be changed at least once a day, and twice is better. Always wash out your stockings after each wearing. This may sound like a lot of trouble, but it makes your hose wear much longer and it is good health insurance. You'll be washing your feet daily, of course, when you take your daily bath; but for feet which perspire unduly, more frequent foot baths with a good deodorizing soap and a final dusting with powder are sensible attentions.

Finally, here are some excellent foot exercises. If your feet are in bad condition, it may hurt you slightly to do them. In such cases, begin easily and gradually build up the number of times you do these exercises as your feet get stronger.

First, lying flat on the back—on an exercise mat, I hope, but a heavy rug on the floor will do—bend the knees as far back as possible and keep the soles of the feet, which should be bare or in little cotton socks, flat on the floor. Now curl the toes under as tightly as possible and at the same time contract the abdomen as flatly as possible. Relax and repeat. Do it five times, rest, and repeat five times. Build up gradually to doing it five times in groups of five.

Second. Still lying flat on the floor with legs stretched out, turn the right foot in toward the left and up toward the body as far as possible. Then slowly curl the toes tightly. Relax and repeat with left foot. Alternate six times. Rest and repeat six times.

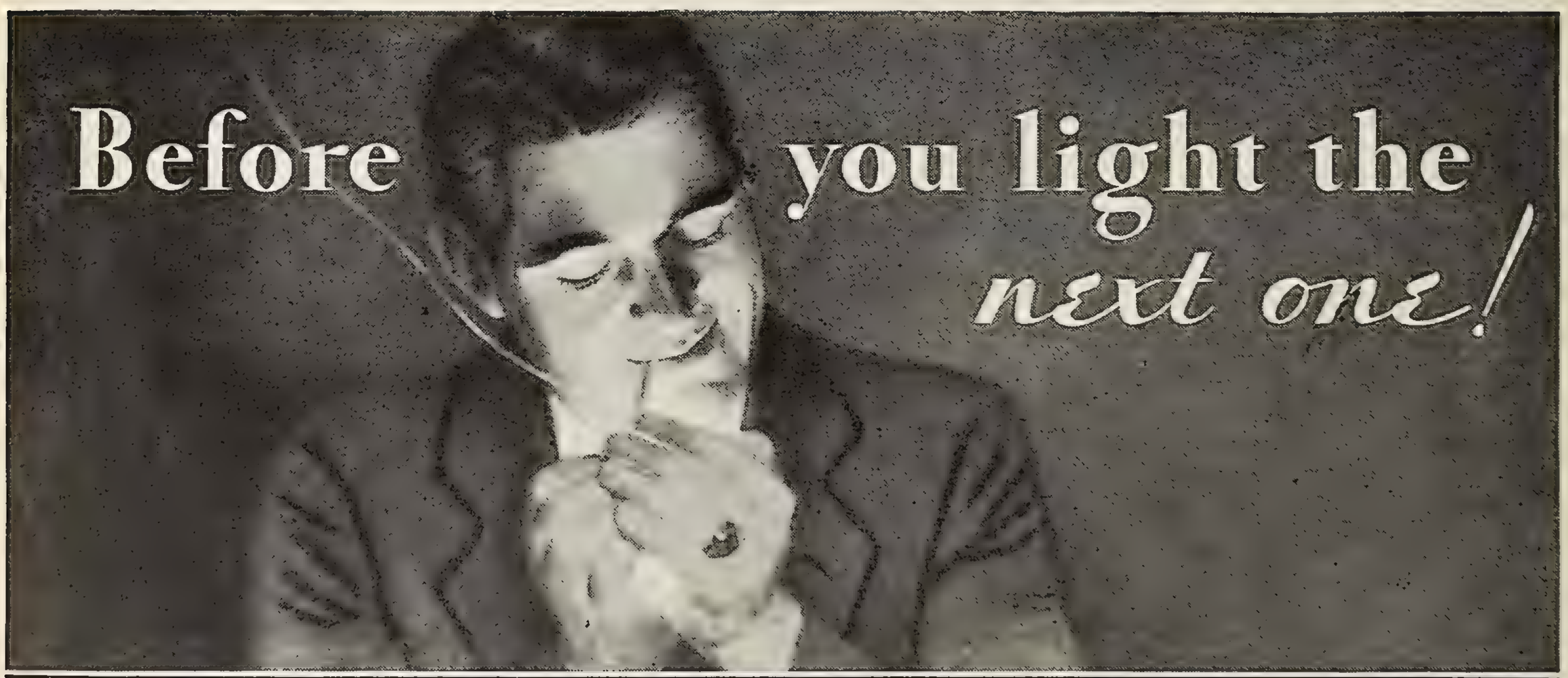
Third. Stand facing a wall or a door jam—somewhere where your hands can support your body. With the toes on the floor, roll the whole right foot around in a circle, that is the heel in toward the left, then back, then right, in an unbroken circle. Repeat with left foot. Do four times, rest and repeat four times. Build up gradually until you can do it in groups of six.

Fourth. Take five slow steps forward with this routine. Step and curl the toes under. Relax and repeat the step. When you have made five steps, walk back five steps on the heels, with the toes high off the floor. Then walk forward in the same manner with the other foot and back again on the heels. This is a particularly splendid exercise.

Finally, remember always to walk with the foot straight out from the body. Don't toe out or in but keep the feet in parallel lines.

Now, doesn't that all sound easy? It all is, too, and—woof—how it will help you! As for me, if I can help you any further, don't hesitate to write me your little troubles, will you? I'm so glad to answer.

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She Loves a Good Fight

[*Continued from page* 20]

up the study of photography to learn graceful lines for the camera. A player must be picturesque to a certain extent.

"Then, too, I discovered that I wasn't expected to give advice. I was supposed to keep still. In the theatre we have to think for ourselves. David Belasco was not above discussing problems with a charwoman. I guess we New Yorkers are always a little nouveau in Hollywood. We just aren't used to the tropics."

To Ina it seems that her marriage to John Gilbert must be stale news by now. She has dreaded interviews for the simple reason that no one wanted to talk of anything else. Incidentally, most interviewers have succeeded in putting a different aspect on the entire matter. There have been no steps taken toward divorce. Ina says that she plans none. I don't quite believe that. She is too practical to leave anything so important as matrimony in an unsettled state.

That Ina Claire and John Gilbert would fall in love was inevitable from the moment they met. Both are electric, vital, glamorous. John is handsome and he is still one of the most romantic men in screendom. People either love him or hate him, and John himself has a great deal to say about which it shall be. John had never known anyone like Ina Claire. She has a marvelous wit, as keen as a rapier, and she has a delightful sophistication without being in the least "hard."

At another time their marriage might have succeeded, but both of them were going through dreadful turmoil. Ina, the favorite star of Broadway, was not succeeding in the new medium. Perhaps no one will ever know what black hell Jack was living in at the time. Talking pictures had cast him from his throne to practical oblivion. Each of them tried to help the other, to advise and correct little faults. Neither succeeded. Ina tried to laugh at the trick fate had played her. Jack couldn't laugh.

The separation became permanent when Ina went to New York to do "The Royal Family." When she returned to Hollywood Jack did not even meet her.

Jack is living now in Beverly Hills. Occasionally he is seen with Joan Bennett. Ina has a beautiful house on Santa Monica Beach. Sometimes she is seen at the theatre with Robert Ames. They were friends in New York. However, Ina goes out very little now. In the first place, she has been trying to ward off a nervous breakdown. She says it has been in her system for a year.

"It is all so different here from what has been my life before," she said. "In New York, of course, I knew many actors. We all had the same kind of jobs, and we were working toward the same goal. When I went to parties I met many people not of the theatre. They didn't know much about that little world in itself. We had to talk of other things, books, music, world events. I had to have outside contacts. I couldn't play a variety of rôles unless I knew a variety of people. Hollywood, after all, is a small place. People have to talk about themselves. They know each other so well. Very brilliant people are seldom brilliant with their close friends."

A stubborn will to conquer obstacles along the road to fame has marked Ina's entire career. She began her footlight life in vaudeville. She did imitations. Harry Lauder was her prize subject. She says that she will never cease to be amazed that he didn't sue her.

Her first important success came when a New York producer attempted to introduce Follies Bergère entertainment in America. Tables were placed in the orchestra section and the couvert was something like $20. The prices were prohibitive even in New York and the producer lost a fortune on his innovation. It was a lucky occasion for Ina, however. During most of the entertainment the diners clattered away with their dishes. Ina made them put down their knives and forks. She was on for fifteen minutes and she held their attention.

That appearance won her the name rôle in "The Quaker Girl," and later she was a Follies star. She has never been a chorus girl despite the prevalent report. Among her successful plays were "Polly With a Past," "The Gold Diggers," "Our Betters," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheney."

There seems to be a general impression that she takes her position as a star with alarming seriousness. Ina Claire has too much humor for that. She glanced through a group of new portraits while I was there.

"Now, isn't that just too beautiful," she laughed, holding up one for inspection. "I look as if I have a Marlene Dietrich figure. If there's anything I haven't got, it's a figure."

She knows better. After all, wasn't she in the Follies?

She isn't a beautiful woman, but she has something so much more important than beauty. She has loads of charm, and she is one of the most striking women I have met. Her eyes are blue-gray, no mistaking the Irish ancestry there. Her hair is good, old-fashioned blonde—no platinum shades. She speaks very rapidly. If her enunciation were not perfect, it would be difficult to follow her quick, staccato conversation.

Interviewing is a cross which she bears. She believes that it is bad for an actress to be too well publicized.

"How can an audience judge your work," she asks, "if it knows what you eat for breakfast, the names of your children, if any, and how much you pay for your shoes? It's like going to see your sister or brother."

When she is interviewed, however, she becomes interested in the personality of her interviewer and is prone to reveal things she regrets later.

"I always think that the interviewer is on my side, and I forget that I'm really talking to thousands of people. When it comes out in print, I'm amazed. I'm theatrical enough to appreciate the value of a colorful story, however."

If I may pull at my venerable whiskers and gaze into the cards, I'll bet the public will be even more anxious about Ina Claire news when "Rebound" gets about.

She's that good.

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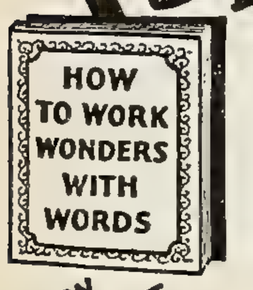
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Good and Good for You.

The Story of My Life—Nancy Carroll

[*Continued from page* 24]

that day. There haven't been any complaints since.

With much ballyhoo "Abie's Irish Rose" opened at the Rialto Theatre in New York, and Anne Nichols rushed Buddy and myself across the continent to be there at the opening. Paramount had ordered me not to bring Patsy with me, as I was supposed to be an ingénue, not a madonna, but when the time came to leave her I simply couldn't do it. So, disguised as a roll of newspapers and six magazines, she was slipped aboard the train and was just as jubilant over the prospect of going native again as her mother was.

So Nancy Carroll, a bit breathless, came back to old Broadway—in a Patou model and orchids.

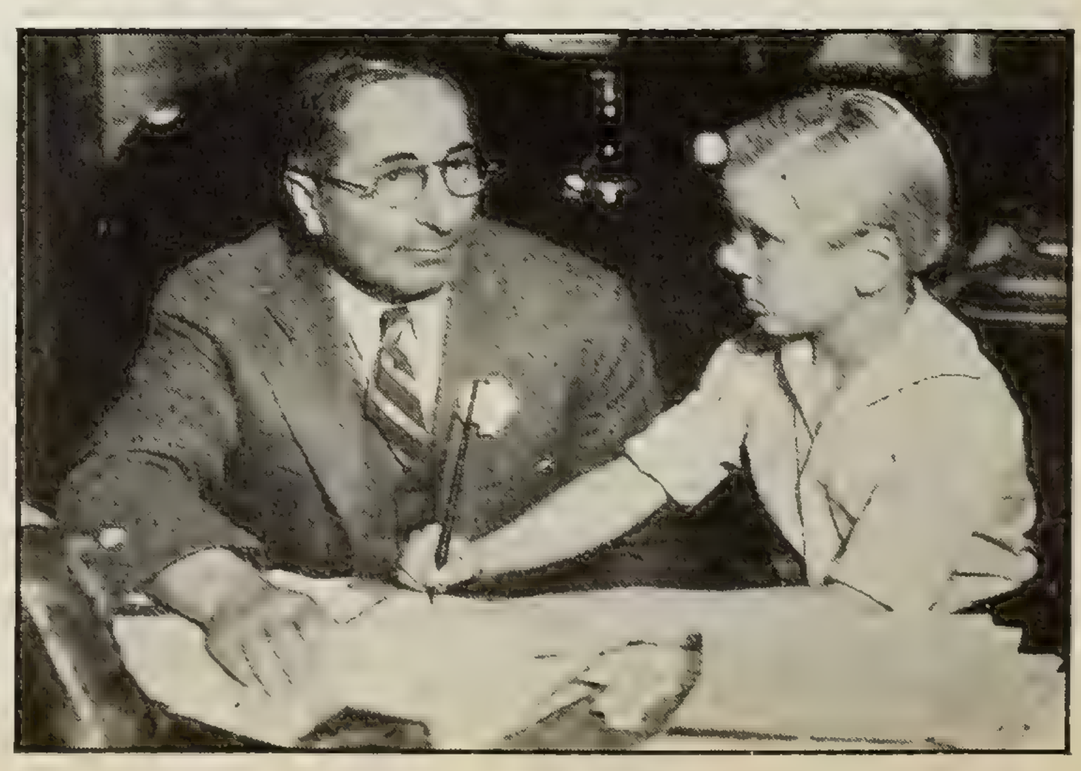
The Winter Garden Theatre, where only a few years before I had danced nightly in the chorus for forty dollars a week, leered insolently at the Rialto marquee, where my name was in lights. I was proud of those lights, and my mother and I would stand across the street in Times Square and gaze at them rapturously for minutes at a time. I couldn't believe that it was myself. Nancy Carroll—in lights—on Broadway! I wondered why traffic didn't stop and stare, too. How could everyone be so calm when I was simply seething with emotions! I wanted to laugh, I wanted to sing, I wanted to cry. I can't tell you how thrilled I was. Brilliant, fascinating, scintillating lights! To me they meant Success—Stardom—Happiness. In the years to come they were to mean other things to me—tears that come in the shadows of night, a heart that aches in silence, a soul that burns with shame and ridicule, and a laugh that covers wounded pride. But happiness seemed so close then, so like a beautiful rainbow, and all I'd have to do would be to stretch out eager fingers and wrap its lovely gossamers around my shoulders. But happiness is as elusive as the rainbow itself. Only the light of heart find it on the road that leads to Nowhere.

I often wonder now what happened to that wide-eyed, frightened little girl, who, holding tight to her mother's hand, counted over and over again the lights in her name, and cried because they were so beautiful, and beautiful things never lasted. She was lost some place on the way to Fame, somewhere midst the money marts of Hollywood, along with youthful dreams, ideals, illusions—and romance. I changed so gradually that it was months, perhaps a year, before I realized that I had changed at all. And then one day I discovered to my horror that I had forgotten how to play! I who had romped gloriously and recklessly with the carefree abandon of a gay young gipsy, first with my brothers and sisters, and then with cheerful, irresponsible Jack—was it possible that I no longer knew how to play? With the tragic hopelessness of a woman who clings desperately to the illusions of a love that no longer exists, I tried to play again. But my laughter was too loud; my gayety too forced; my feet too tired to dance in the moonlight. I stopped to count the cost. Those two idiotic kids, Jack and Nancy, had grown up. They had found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—but the rainbow with its promise of happiness—they never found.

Perhaps it was Hollywood, with its artificial people and its exaggerations. Perhaps it was Fame. Perhaps it was Success. Perhaps it was just one of those things. But in the hard brilliant glare of the California sun the beautiful misty veil of our love seemed to drift away. Again I cried because beautiful things never lasted, and again I tried to pretend it was all a mere delusion. I still loved Jack, and he still loved me. But somehow or other, we no longer needed each other, we were hopelessly involved in the petty details of living, we no longer shared things—our secret hopes and ambitions, our disappointments and heartaches, and our last dimes—we had both become successful celebrities. We who had once been wild young vagabonds with star dust in our hair had sold our souls and freedom to the great god Business. And Business and Romance, alas, simply will not mix, no matter how hard you try.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

While I was in New York, Walter Wanger of the Paramount office called me and asked me to make a movietone test at one of the studios that had been equipped with sound apparatus. All the movie executives were shaking their heads over the new talking pictures which had suddenly burst forth from their hiding places and were trying to revolutionize the film industry. Pictures with sound were all right—but pictures that talked? Millions of dollars



A little boy getting into the big money. Jackie "Skippy" Cooper and Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, go into a heavy conference, with contracts and things. Jackie in the next two years will earn more than a gentleman named Hoover who lives in Washington

were at stake. Millions of jobs. And would the millions of movie-goers like talking pictures? Mr. Wanger told me how important this test would be, for Paramount was one of the undecided companies. I met Eddie Goulding, who later directed me, at the studio, and he arranged the test for me. I sang "In the Gloaming"—and wondered if my picture career which had just started was in the gloaming? Suppose my voice didn't register? Suppose—Suppose—Suppose. That test was just about the end of me, but not the end that I had been fearing. When I left the studio it was pouring down rain and—as usual—not a taxi in sight. By the time I got home I was wringing wet, and the next morning I found myself the recipient of an excellent case of flu. I was sick—and mad. What a terrible way to spend a vacation—with a thermometer in my mouth! But I was greatly cheered when I heard that Schulberg had liked my test.

As soon as I was able to navigate properly on legs that wanted to wobble all over the place, I kissed my mother goodbye, and with Patsy returned to the West Coast—and to turmoil. Talk about your Wall Street crash—well, you should have seen Hollywood when talkies started a bear market in stars.

Musical effects were immediately put into "Abie's Irish Rose," and after that I was given a part in "The Water Hole" with Jack Holt. This turned out to be the most exciting picture I have ever made, for we had to go on location to Death Valley where the temperature was 130 in the shade, but try and find the shade. It was against the law to go into the Valley at that time of the year, but what's a law, more or less, among movie directors. Into the Valley we went, and the cameraman promptly went crazy and had to be bound with ropes. It was so hot that the tires of the trucks would blow out. We had to get up at four in the morning and put our make-up on by the headlights of the cars. By eleven it was too hot to work, so we stayed inside an old ranch house and sipped tomato juice and tea until sunset. Jack Holt was marvelous. He kept kidding us and making wisecracks and kept us so well entertained that often we'd forget how much we were suffering. But finally I could bear that heat no longer. I passed out completely. And when I came to I was in a car with a doctor bending over me and was raving at the top of my voice about Leo, the M-G-M lion. Which wasn't exactly loyal to Paramount, I must admit. If you think making moving pictures is just lots of fun, try making one in Death Valley sometime.

After "The Water Hole," I made "Manhattan Cocktail," in which I sang two songs and danced.

Then came "Shopworn Angel," which I liked more than anything I have ever done. I loved that rôle. I wish I would be given another like it sometime. It was the first chance I had to show that I could do something besides sing and dance and look cute, and I made the most of it. As a result I was "discovered" again when the picture was released and the critics said, "Watch Nancy Carroll." But my doom was sealed. "The Broadway Melody" had gone over big, so every company immediately began to turn out musicals as fast as they could. I was from the New York chorus, and I had red hair and a round baby face. So I was the goat. I had to be cute and coy and kittenish. I've often wondered what my screen career might have been if I hadn't been side-tracked just then by those darn musicals.

It was after I made "Sweetie" that I became a star. There was no fanfare of trumpets, or dancing in the streets. There was no popping of champagne corks, or seven course dinners, or demands for "Speech, Speech" from my frenzied admirers. I was working on the set one day when a prop boy merely said in passing, "They made you a star yesterday, Miss Carroll." Thus are stars made. Disillusioning, isn't it? If it hadn't been for the nice prop boy, I might never have known.

"Dangerous Paradise" was my first starring picture—and one of the poorest I have ever made. The entire company went to Catalina on location and I remember being miserable all the time I was there. Then I made another musical, "Honey," and later "The Devil's Holiday" and "Follow Thru." As Hallie Hobart, the manicurist whose hard little soul received a severe jolt, in "The Devil's Holiday" I had another of those rare chances to act. When that picture was released, the critics "discovered" me all over again, and predicted a bright future for me along dramatic lines. But "Follow Thru" in technicolor and me being cute again in Scotch plaids sort of squelched their enthusiasm.

After "Follow Thru" I was sent East in the Spring of 1930 to make "Laughter," followed by "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angel" and "Personal Maid," at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. Jack was transferred to the Eastern studio, too, so once more the Kirklands settled their Lares and Penates and toothbrushes in New York. Jack was hard at work on a play that he was getting into shape for Broadway. When I first returned after all those years in Hollywood, I had a grand time looking up old friends and old places and asking "Do you remember——." But somehow the old illusions, the old raptures, were gone. Old friends were rather disappointing, too, for they seemed far more interested in "new lows" and the "worse season in years" than they did in recalling the good times we had had together. The old life was a closed book—I decided to think only of the future.

Jack and I took an apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street overlooking Central Park—but we were rarely in it. Jack had his plays, his scripts, his stories. And I had rehearsals, fittings, interviews, and all the thousand and one things that are involved in making pictures. Business. Always Business. There was no place for Romance. Jack and I decided it was for the best interests of both to separate.

I do not know what lies ahead. Life does things to us over which we have little control.

But no matter what the future holds for me, I shall try never to hide from life, but to welcome all its emotions, all its joys, and all its sorrows.

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The next issue of
SILVER SCREEN
Will be on sale August 10

Bill Powell and His Future

[*Continued from page* 21]

possibly do. Naturally, the producers know more about what type of characterizations and stories the public seeks in entertainment. I don't propose to have a word to say in that matter."

The suave, dignified Philo Vance, of the S. S. Van Dine murder mysteries at Paramount, will make three pictures yearly for Warner Brothers-First National. His first one is "The Other Man," if they don't get around to changing the title. A studio executive is authority for the statement that Powell is photographing better and acting more adroitly and convincingly than in his entire previous career. Good news to Bill and good news to his fans.

With everything under control, as you might say, Powell has no thought of retirement to a quiet life on the Riviera. There was a time, however, when he entertained such an idea.

"Retirement is all right," he smiled, "as long as it is far enough in the future. I would be very unhappy about it if I thought I were facing retirement tomorrow. Anyway, I don't think I would like to live all the time on the Riviera, or anywhere else. I like Europe while I am there, but I want to be free to move the minute I become tired of one place."

Few stars lead a simpler or more sensible life than Bill Powell. He doesn't make any excursions into the night life that Hollywood and Los Angeles provide. Even Carole Lombard has forsaken the Cocoanut Grove, the Biltmore and the Roosevelt, where she used to dance night after night. Carole and Bill dine frequently with Ronald Colman, and with Richard Barthelmess and his wife. Bill, Ronnie and Dick have been fast friends for many years. Occasionally, Carole and Bill go to the movies and to stage plays. Incidentally, Bill's comment on current productions is extremely pertinent and highly amusing.

In spite of that aristocratic reserve which marks his screen personality, he is an exceedingly human person with a grand sense of humor. I've heard that he is high-hat, but then I've heard that about Mitzi Green, too. It is just one of those remarks made in Hollywood when people run out of anything else to say. In other towns they fall back on the weather, or the hard times. Anyway, I don't believe it of Bill.

He divides his time between the home of his mother and father, and his own apartment in Hollywood. The Powell family is distinctly different. It is a business corporation in itself. Horatio Warren Powell, Bill's dad, handles the business affairs of his son. He places the money in good, safe stocks and bonds, and pays off the bills. Once Bill decided to play the stock market, and speaking inelegantly, he lost his shirt.

Mrs. Powell, Bill's mother, makes most of his appointments, and takes telephone messages for him. She is a lovely little lady, and she thinks the sun rises and sets on William Horatio Powell. I'll wager a new hat you didn't know his middle name before this. Bill is an only son, and his father says he has always been spoiled. He doesn't mean a word of it.

It was Bill's mother who told me that her son had a habit of making midnight raids on the ice-box. Mr. and Mrs. Powell usually dine out, but the ice-box is never neglected. There's usually a leg of lamb, or a cold chicken, put away for the midnight prowler. Bill is also fond of chutney. He has the reputation of being quite a connoisseur when it comes to food. At least, over at Paramount, they always kept truffles in the larder especially for him. Anyone who eats truffles, and appreciates them properly, must be a connoisseur, that's all.

Occasionally he plays tennis with Colman or Barthelmess. He admits that he can't work up the proper degree of enthusiasm about tennis. He doesn't take it seriously, and it shows in his game.

"It isn't conversational enough, I guess," he laughed. "You just don't discuss a certain serve, or a particularly good play in tennis. Now I like golf, although I'm a dufer at that, too. You have time to enjoy the scenery, and the nineteenth hole is always a cheerful prospect. You get together with a few friends and review the entire morning's play. Bridge is about the only other game in which you can indulge in such fascinating post-mortems."

He thinks that "Street of Chance" is his best talking picture to date. He gets tired of always playing a man with a blot on his 'scutcheon. He wants to know if I don't get tired talking to actors who talk only of themselves. And I want him to know that I wouldn't get tired of William Powell talking of himself if I listened all day. If he has to do it, he can accomplish it with more grace and ease than ninety-nine out of a hundred in Hollywood.

Gary Cooper Faces Thirty

[*Continued from page* 59]

importance which a man might have."

I asked Gary about love. A ticklish subject, of course, since Gary's name has been linked with that of Lupe Velez, the fiery little Mexican actress, for such a long time. For months the rumor has been about Hollywood that they are married.

"I'm in love," Gary told me. "I'll never be any more in love as long as I live."

"Are you and Lupe married?" I asked pointblank.

"No," said Gary. "I won't contemplate marriage for a long time. I don't think this business and marriage fit. It brings personalities too close."

I changed the subject. I asked him about his illness and what got him that way.

He went out on location with the "Fighting Caravans" company, it seems. He, by the way, likes Westerns because he naturally craves the wide, open spaces. He

spent three days on location near Sonora.

His costume was a two-piece buckskin garment. In the dead of winter, he plunged into an icy lake more than a mile above sea-level and swam on several occasions, as a part of his work. From this point, he went to an elevation of 9,500 feet and worked in the snow.

"This wouldn't have been so bad if I had had sense enough to keep myself in good physical condition," he explained, "but I had gotten careless. I'd spent too much time working in the warmth of artificial lights on sound stages."

The immediate result was an attack of influenza, which he believed he conquered in short order. Actually, he hadn't. He returned and after a short rest and period of recuperation he went to work in "City Streets." In his weakened condition, he was prey for almost any sort of a microbe, germ or bug. Influenza got him again, but he didn't flinch.

On the heels of this came jaundice.

It was jaundice which knocked the props from beneath him.

"There are times when I've worked as long as twenty-three hours at a stretch, and I'll have to do it again. Fourteen and sixteen hours are common. It's all in the day's work. From now on I'm going to be prepared for this sort of thing."

That's a lesson six years have taught him.

Gary likes work and he likes to work for Paramount. He believes that he did his best work opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," but he also liked his rôles in "The Virginian" and "The Shopworn Angel."

He is getting a great deal of kick out of the 16-cylinder car which he purchased recently, and reports excellent performances over Arizona roads. He contemplates another trip soon and spends most of his time looking over ranch properties. Some day, he is going to have a ranch on which he will spend half of each year.

The other half of each year, he'll spend traveling.

"After six years in Hollywood, I've learned a great many things," he said. "I've learned to take care of myself physically, and that's most important, because when you lose your health you lose your capacity to enjoy everything.

"I've learned what love is, and there's a sweet lesson in that.

"I've learned the meaning of fame, and how to keep a level head on my shoulders.

"I've learned what hard work is, and how to do it.

"I've learned what it means to be imposed upon and buncoed, and I'm glad of that.

"I've learned to like Hollywood and everyone in it."

I asked Gary if he ever got homesick.

"Of course I do," he said. "I miss the country, and I miss a lot of fine folks. But I'll never go back to that. There's too much routine, and I've learned to live on excitement."

Gary paused a moment.

"I like my work, and as long as I like it, I'll keep doing it without complaining.

"When I don't like it, I won't stick around any longer—"

And now you know what six years of stardom and Hollywood have done to Gary Cooper.

"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"



"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck right here in the club for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer a solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. Nevertheless the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting, "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally, we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano?"

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. However, Sally didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. Then, just as if she had played for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

Finally she rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

Sally's Secret

'You may laugh when I tell you," Sally explained. "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson, so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and most all the popular music."

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Why is Garbo Love's Stepchild?

[*Continued from page* 19]

little apprehensive, too. Ahead of her in that city of glass roofs and Kleig lights and geraniums growing in palm trees lay her urgent need to prove that she was all Stiller had insisted she was. Ahead of her lay success or failure.

Her first picture, "The Torrent," came pretty close to settling all doubts. The critics were much impressed with it and said so in their most authoritative manner. There was no longer the least need for Metro's press department to compare this golden Viking with Norma Shearer or anyone else. She stood on her own as Garbo, than whom there soon was to be none greater.

And all this time she was a normal enough young woman. All this time she did all the things other stars do. She posed for portraits and news pictures. And she gave interviews. I remember one picture of her in running shorts, ready for the race, with the track coach of the University of California standing by. She is no mean athlete, by the way. Returning from Sweden the last time, she outplayed men on shipboard at deck tennis.

I remember, too, when she lived in the Swedish colony at Santa Monica and was arrested for speeding and fined ten dollars.

Then Greta met John Gilbert. Or perhaps it would come closer to the truth to say then John Gilbert met Greta. And then love began treating her strangely.

John Gilbert, screen lover extraordinary and romantic enough in person, too! A bon vivant, John . . . in love with life . . . greedy for happiness . . . unwilling to sacrifice today for any dead yesterdays or uncertain tomorrows. It was inevitable that Greta should attract him. She used to wear simple little blue suits and starched blouses with Byronic collar effects. She used to pull her little felt hats jauntily over the soft gold of her hair. She used to sit quietly in that noisy studio restaurant, her gray-green eyes sometimes very wise and sometimes very wistful. She was a contrast to the women John had known, preening birds in bright plumage.

I don't pretend to know anything about the bond between Garbo and Mauritz Stiller but I think it likely enough that she loved him without being in love with him. But John Gilbert was young. Stiller wasn't. In John's eyes she found a challenge. It must have thrilled her to find him watching her from the sidelines, following her to her car. She didn't have to be fluent in his language to understand he really meant something very different when he stopped her on the lot to pass the time of day.

In no time at all Greta and John started going places and doing things together. At openings, those theatrical, sensational, unbelievable Hollywood openings, they would step from John's car to face a battery of news photographers and flashlights. And Greta wore ermine, and she was smiling. Greta wore orchids on her shoulders, and her arm was linked in John's.

Preposterous to think of her as a recluse in these days. It isn't when Life is filling their dearest dreams that people shut out the world.

However, those who watched John and Greta together in those ecstatic days feared for the future. They were so different. It seemed reasonable that in the first excitement of love Greta might make an effort to keep pace with John. But the fact stood that she came from an older race, a race that counted tomorrow as important as today. Surely in time she would try to bring John around to her way of living. The way women will. What then? John, they felt, would laugh that laugh of his that mocked the gods. I wonder if it does still. Perhaps not. Things haven't gone too well for John in the last few years. And even if their natures didn't part them, would John ever be faithful, year in, year out, to one woman? The only safe measuring stick for the future is the past. No one woman ever had held John before.

In the meantime, Greta and John played together in love stories. Because of which this grim old world was richer. Clarence Brown, who directed "Flesh and the Devil," insisted that this picture held the finest love scenes ever photographed. And no one contradicted him.

I remember an interview Greta gave at this time, while she sat on the sidelines with John. She didn't insist upon enclosed sets then. It wasn't necessary.

She really seemed to marvel at American life.

"I do not know," she said, "how in America you can work so hard and play so much. I cannot go to the big party and in the morning at eight o'clock be at the studios. I cannot."

And then John who always had gone to parties said very decidedly that he, too, felt it best to stay away from most of them. Oh, they were both trying hard to accept the other's point of view. No doubt about that. Of course, John was sincere enough in what he said. Right then Greta was enough to fill his life. More than enough. He told me, during this love affair, that he felt something like ninety per cent of your life was lived in your heart. John's a grand guy!

Greta wasn't the typical woman in love. She wasn't concerned with clothes to make herself beautiful for her lover. Perhaps she felt the attachment between her and John stronger than those light fancies that are influenced by pretty bows and ruffles. And I think it was.

"I wish we could wear big bags," she said, "bags that we could jump into. Me, I have no time to think what I shall wear. In the mornings always I must hurry. In America always everybody hurries. And everybody is young and happy, too."

During that old interview, too, Greta spoke with vehemence about the rôles in which she was being cast.

"I want to play good women," she said, "good women who are interesting. But always they make me play the other woman because they say I am that type. I do not think I am. I do not like to have people think me that type. And they do

think so when they see me play the parts I play. I know. They write me."

Which goes to show how much stock you can put in rumors that get around. They will tell you that Garbo gets her own way in the studios, that she decides what she will do and what she won't do. Yet you'll notice she still is playing the same rôles for which she expressed such a dislike. And all the "funny acting" she's had any opportunity of doing has been sprinkled sparsely through the most dramatic dramas. They cater to Greta's wishes whenever possible, I'm sure, exactly as they cater to the other stars. But it's a sort of "Now be a good little girl and eat your spinach and you can have a chocolate cream drop" catering. If you know what I mean.

Exactly what happened to end the Garbo-Gilbert affair nobody seems to know, although everybody has a different theory about it. All that is definite is that it did end. Whereupon Greta went into retirement. Looking at her, you can tell she is a woman who would love deeply. It is part of her Scandinavian heritage.

As far as her personal conduct is concerned if in no other way I think Greta Garbo may be compared to Eleanora Duse. You will remember it was after Duse parted from Gabriele D'Annunzio that she retired from all but professional contacts.

And something Garbo said to a leading man who worked with her recently substantiates my theory. *She intimated that she had found she wasn't one to play at love with any success and said that she had, therefore, determined to concentrate entirely upon her work while she worked—adding that she hoped an enduring love would come to her at some later day.*

It is two years and more now since Garbo hid herself away in the comparatively modest house behind the eucalyptus trees and the high hedge. At first, I believe she wanted only to be left alone. Then came the need for long hours of study in order that she might perfect her English and temper her accent. For the talkies had come. And soon after this Mauritz Stiller died. If Garbo felt her love affair had cost her this dear friend, her grief was that much greater. At the time, certainly, newspapers suggested that Stiller had died of a broken heart. Shortly thereafter Jack Gilbert married Ina Claire and Garbo retired definitely from all save her work.

She is a strong and brave woman, Greta Garbo. I do not believe she has a broken heart. She is too honest for the attitude of self-pity that a broken heart demands. But I am quite convinced she is a great artist cherishing romance and fully aware of how great a thing love can be.

Do Your Ears Deceive You?

[*Continued from page* 49]

Fire is of too low frequency to record. It simply doesn't crackle as you think it does. The sound made by crackling cellophane between the fingers dubs in perfectly.

On the other hand, letters and papers crackle too much. The average ear doesn't hear this. But the microphone does. So when they are used in a scene they are first dampened.

Hail is made by dropping peanut shells on a drum, and horses' hoofs are recorded by dropping cocoanut shells on the same drum.

Upon occasion, they still rely upon buckshot rattled around in a tub to produce the musical sound of a waterfall. For waves of the sea they roll it back and forth.

Telephone bells do not record right. There is an after jangle that ruins the effect. For a long time, they dubbed in the ringing of a telephone off the set and cut off the sound by inserting cotton as soon as it jingled. This proved unsatisfactory and difficult. Now, a hand machine consisting of a bell mounted on revolving wheels is used.

Since all doors do not sound like doors, each studio has a prop door built over a pit about three feet deep and this is used wherever it is necessary to record the closing or slamming of a door. One good reason for dubbing this sound is that all doors are not of the proper thickness and resonance to sound like doors, and another very good reason is that most sets are built in a flimsy, temporary manner, and if a door were slammed sufficiently hard to record correctly, the entire side of the set would shake or possibly fall down. So it's nothing to have one door appear in a dozen pictures all in the same day.

A sound track was made of the chimes of the famous Big Ben in London for "Bulldog Drummond," but for ordinary purposes, the sound of chimes is obtained from a series of steel bells built upon a rack and tuned up to the proper pitch.

Did you enjoy Robert Woolsey's little ditty on the spark plugs in, "Half Shot at Sunrise"? You never knew that spark plugs would sound like that, did you? Neither did he. Murray Spivack rigged up a lot of pipes off stage, tuned them up and played upon them for the mike, keeping time to Woolsey's movements. The synchronization was perfect.

Voice doubling is resorted to regularly, but the studios are cagey about giving out this information.

In "Her Man," Phillips Holmes was required to sing some doggerel sailor songs. He hasn't a good singing voice, but he has an excellent sense of rhythm. So tests were made of singers who possessed the same tonal range as Phillips does. At last, a radio singer was engaged and when his voice was doubled in, it proved exactly right.

Sometimes a scene is pre-scored before it is shot. This was done in Eddie Quillan's "Whoop-te-do Kid." The orchestra leader was given headphones in order to keep in time with the action of Eddie during the rehearsal. Rhythm and memory are the biggest factors in successful prescoring.

The sound trade is still in its infancy but it's getting smarter every day. Maybe the camera doesn't lie very often. But a good sound track lies all the time—and makes you like it.



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Serving the Stars

[*Continued from page* 37]

and circumstance, and conversational trimmings, of an event in the past. It's Mamie-this, and Mamie-that; and Mamie never fails.

A pessimist, Mamie's policy is to anticipate the worst; that way, life is a series of pleasant surprises. "Yessum," she will wail, darkly, "we's supposed to leave for Europe on Friday, but heaps of things can happen 'twixt now and then. 'At's three days, ma'am."

Marie Dressler may be fifty-eight years old, but to Mamie she's only a baby. Mamie runs the home, plans the household's routine, does her mistress' banking and much of her shopping, and looks after many business matters. Every night she waits up until Marie is in bed, turns out the lights and sleeps nearby—refusing to occupy the servants' quarters over the garage—so she can hear if her adored one needs anything.

Mamie's husband, Jerry, is houseman and general factotum. One or the other is always in the house or at the studio, with Miss Dressler.

And there is Jenner. Very much there is Jenner, when the cameras call George Arliss to Hollywood. It has been said that, with all due respect to the gifts and charm of the cultured English actor, "the most remarkable thing about Mr. Arliss is Jenner."

George Jenner is a gentleman's gentleman and has served his master for almost a quarter of a century. While Mr. Arliss is mild, Jenner is as firm as the London Tower. He buffets the world—solidly, but correctly. His employer shall not be inconvenienced even slightly.

At three-thirty, he brings the tea-tray. Watch in hand, he appears on the dot at four-thirty, remarking right into the scene, under the microphone, that it is quitting time. And it *is*.

Spare monocles for the Arliss eye are always in his pocket. Cooling drinks on warm days, a coat if the day is cool; anything needed is at hand as though by magic. The studio policemen couldn't chase him as much as ten feet away from his master.

Once Jenner himself rose to fame. He doesn't mind having the story told. Just after he had "taken a place" with Mr. Arliss, Jenner had enjoyed two glasses of beer at Joel's bar, in New York (He is specific about the number, too) when a man called him a name, an ugly name. He let go with his left. A second man objected. Ditto. Surveying the two knockouts, he dusted his hands and departed. Next evening he was invited to a dinner in his honor, given by the bartender. It seems one of the men he had knocked out was young Jim Corbett, the champ.

John Barrymore has had his valet for eleven years and his make-up man for twelve years.

Lew Cody and his colored man, James, are "we." James will say, "*We* have to go to the dentist this mawnin'," or "We are all well again now, thank you." Lew returns the courtesy, in regarding his manager and James as family.

James' strong arms carried Lew's body,

worn frail by pain, for months. For him, no world exists except that bounded by Lew's needs.

For nine years now James and his wife, the cook, have managed Lew's home and him. They have telephone tact, and they know how to get Lew out of corners when the occasion arises.

James is literal. Told to get kippered herring, he asked, "Do they sell it by the package?" and was informed, "It comes in a barrel." Next morning a barrel of kippered herring was delivered.

Lew's corned beef and cabbage, codfish balls, spaghetti and cheese, chicken à la king, or Spanish omelettes, are tastily prepared. When he is working, James cuts down his diet, or adds to it, as he thinks best, and the actor never questions his judgment.

"James knows what is best," Lew says. "If he comes to take me home from a party, I go immediately; he knows what I have ahead the next day, and how much rest I need."

Originally hired as chauffeur, his own versatility has promoted Lee Conger, in nine years, to a trusted position as Richard Dix's all-around aide. He pays bills, types answers to fan mail; he is valet; he drives. Being a single man, he must step out now and then, and Richard often lets him have the car to take his current weakness driving.

"One great guy!" The clean-cut Lee is enthusiastic about his boss. "Takes him a while to size you up. But once you prove you're looking after his interests right, nothing can shake his confidence in you. When he's sore at anything or anybody else, he never takes it out on you. And he hates to be yessed if you know different."

Much responsibility falls upon the young but capable shoulders of Esther Heinrich, housekeeper for the Edmund Lowes, a position she has filled for three years. Her most important duty is the care of the Tashman wardrobe. She has equipped a room for cleaning and pressing and, with the help of an extra maid by the day, goes over every garment after it has been worn before replacing it for future wear. She accompanies her mistress to the studio each day.

"Miss Tashman gets up at six, breakfasts at seven, and is through with the day's orders by eight," Esther says. "She is a severe critic of her boudoir's condition. Not a trace of powder dare she find; it must look as if no one had ever dressed in her room five minutes after her toilette is completed. And I still can't get used to her appetite. She has three, hearty 'squares' a day. But I like working for her. She is very fair."

"Mr. Lowe is a real guy," according to Ed's chauffeur, Jim Hilyer. "Either he sits in front and talks to me or else he drives and I talk. He likes to hear all about my plans. He don't like to be driven—says he'd lose his self-respect if he always rode around in the back seat. He dusts the highway plenty, and—for all I admire him—I keep hold of the door-handle. When he's tired and I take the wheel, he goes to sleep.

"Whenever I take him and Missus Lowe to a show, he nearly always slips me a buck and says, 'Go see a picture.'

"One thing, though: I sure do have to keep his cars shining. I look twice in the mirror when I answer his call; I'd better not turn up in a soiled uniform."

Dora Pinter has been Constance Bennett's maid for eight years, accompanying her on her travels. The blonde star elevated Gladys Young from studio hairdresser to secretary.

Norma Shearer has had her personal maid, Ursula Whitfield, for six years. "Ursula has developed an uncanny instinct for knowing what I want before I ask for it," Norma says.

Helen Chandler's maid worries over her mistress' erratic diet. Ask Helen what she had for breakfast, and she will most likely say, breathlessly, "Coca Cola."

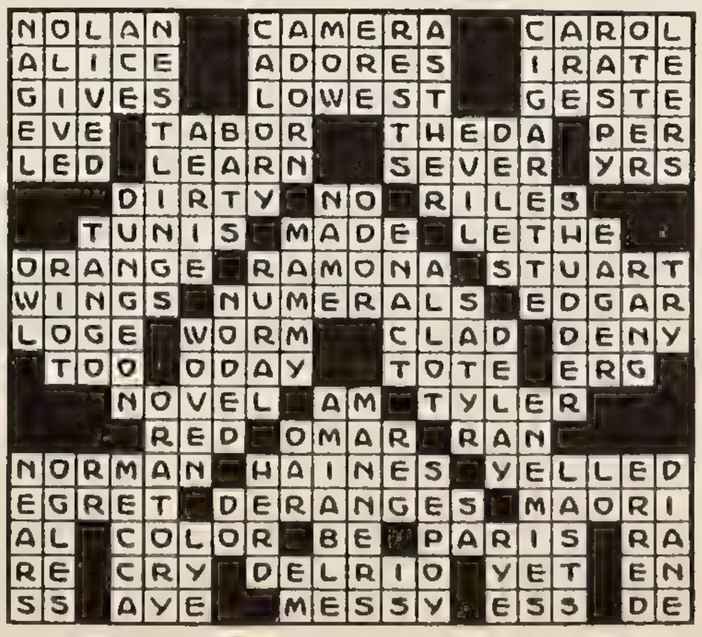
Kay Francis depends upon Ida Terry. Ida takes care of bills and 'phone messages, assists with costuming, attends to menus and flowers, and serves luncheon in the dressing room. She goes shopping in a Ford which the actress has given her. She matches materials or chooses gowns to be sent out for Miss Francis' final selection. And she looks after Kay's menagerie of pets, which is a task in itself.

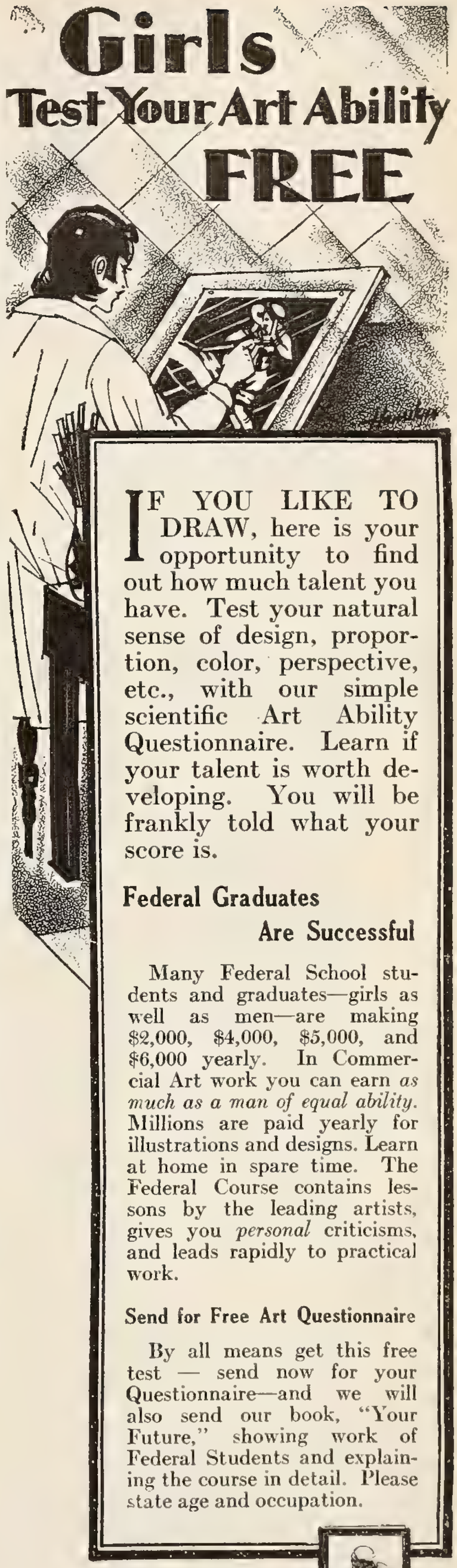
"Miss Francis knows what she wants, trusts my judgment and never nags," Ida says.

All these servants deserve good references.

But then I think the stars they serve deserve pretty good references, too, don't you?

THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE





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The Error of His Ways

[*Continued from page* 25]

love. Enough in his work, critics said, to bring him back to his outstanding position as a portrayer of such men.

The beloved Louis Wolheim was to have had the rôle of the managing editor in "The Front Page," directed by Lewis Milestone for Howard Hughes. Wolheim was taken ill and passed on. Then an announcement from the youthful and unfathomable Hughes hit the industry like a bombshell.

Adolphe Menjou was to play the rôle which death had snatched from Wolheim!

Menjou's small coterie of friends were the only ones in Hollywood who did not gasp. They knew that his father was French but that his mother was Irish. They knew that Private Adolphe Menjou went to Italy with the Ambulance Corps and worked himself up to the rank of captain. And anyone who knows his doughboys will tell you that a "man-of-the world" isn't the type to rise from private to captain. A man has to be plenty tough for such a feat.

Now, he's back in his old character again. He is the great lover in "The Great Lover." He wears a satin lined velvet dinner jacket of dark blue and makes velvet love to many women.

"I don't care what kind of parts I get these days," he told me. "I've shown that I can play anything which is thrown at me.

"I don't want to be a star, either. The depreciation is too rapid. I've found that out."

Glancing back over the years—nineteen in all—he finds that he likes "The Woman of Paris" and the rôle he played therein better than anything else he has done. He also is proud of "Service for Ladies," "The Marriage Circle" and "The Front Page."

He still retains his reputation for being the best-dressed man of the screen, at work or away from it even if some other male players have made inroads into his position with extensive wardrobes and expensive tailors.

I found him a very pleasant, affable person, quick with his answers, direct with his ideas. He has been accused of being opinionated. I did not find him so. He also is said to be a stickler for details. I did not notice this during the visit which I had with him.

I did note his high polish.

And yet this is not an outstanding characteristic.

Beneath the smooth and glossy shine there is a brittle surface.

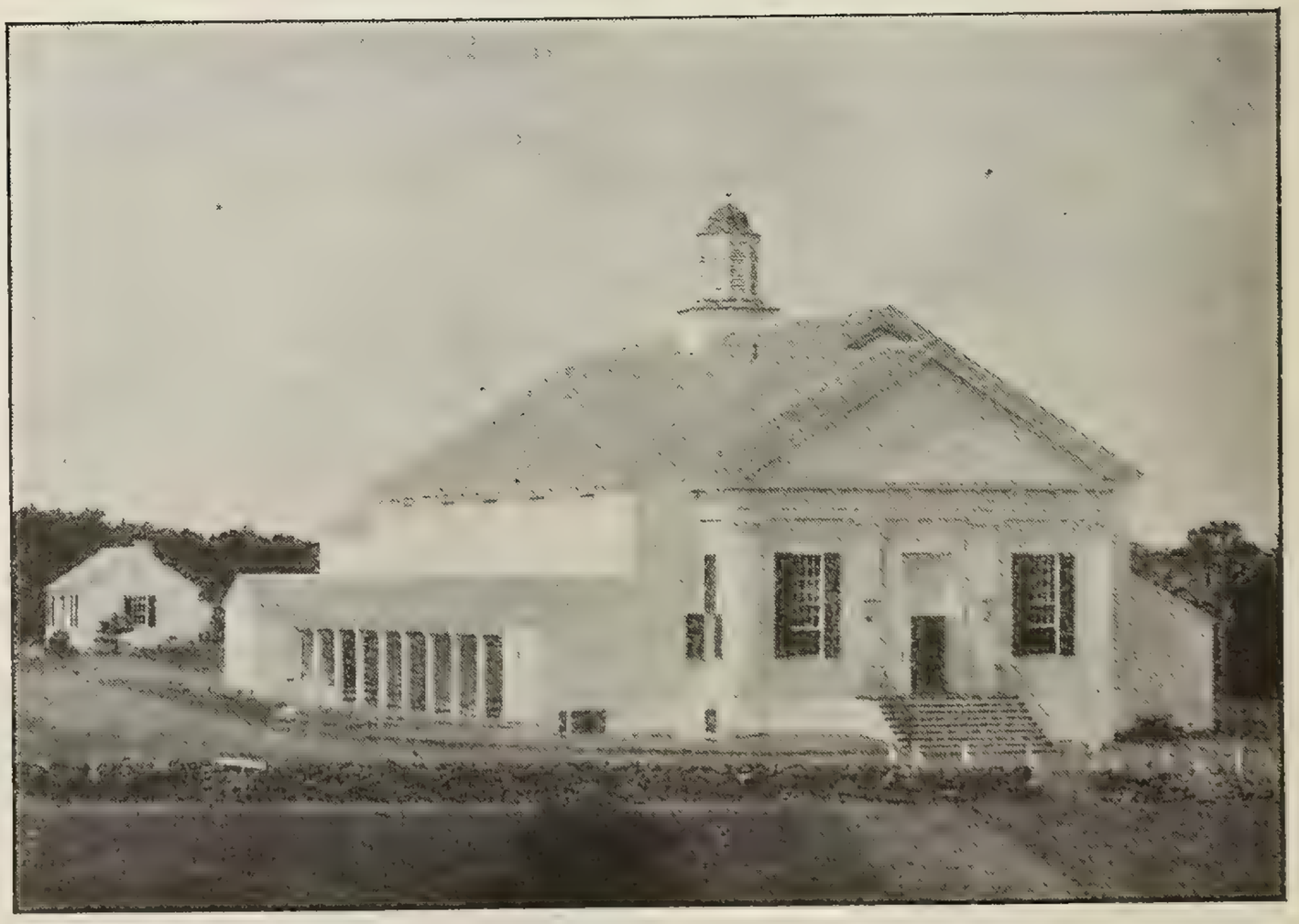
At the risk of breaking down a long-standing impression, I beg to report that I found him the most unromantic player of romantic parts I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. This is a left-handed compliment, for it attributes to him an ability to act. One who is not basically romantic must assume a romanticism. He has done this excellently.

Menjou is at heart a business man. He is an executive. He would have been a success as the president of a furniture manufacturing company at Grand Rapids, Michigan, or as the head of an agricultural organization in Imperial Valley, California. He possesses executive ability combined with a rare judgment of commercial values.

In Hollywood, he lives quietly in a small but exquisite home which he owns. He chooses his friends carefully, and has but a small circle of intimates.

He has been married for five years. The Mayor of Paris officiated.

On the screen, Menjou is suave, sophisticated, and a perfect actor. Off the screen, he is suave, sophisticated and nobody's fool.



Why is this church in a motion picture magazine? Because it's a movie theatre, that's why. It's even a very highbrow movie theatre, called the Cape Cinema. It's at Denis, Massachusetts and its proud boast is that it is the most beautiful little theatre in America



A NEW OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $2500.00==QUALIFY FOR IT!

In our new campaign to advertise we are going to pay seventy-eight hundred dollars in prizes to those answering our offer. First prize will be $1785.00 (or a 1931 Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan) and $715.00 in addition for promptness, making a total capital prize of $2500.00. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

How often have you studied and tried to identify friends of yours out on a bathing beach? The artist, perceiving how difficult this was, conceived the idea of drawing up a bathing scene which would at the same time be a difficult observation test. He has placed on the beach in the picture above twin bathers who are exactly alike. Try this yourself and see if you can find these important twins. They are wearing bathing suits which are exactly alike, they are in exactly the same posture, they are the same size. In fact they are identical in every detail. Can you find them? If you can, mark them with a cross and rush this ad to me by the very next mail. $2500.00 *to you if you send the correct answer and are prompt and win first prize or, if you prefer, the* 1931 *Studebaker and* $715.00 *in cash.*

Look carefully now. I'll tell you this much, that the large figure of the girl in the foreground is not to be considered in the search for the twins, but you had better observe the others closely if you hope to find the real twins.

If you think you have found them, lose no time, but mark them with a cross and mail the advertisement to me. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. RUSH!

T. A. HUGHES, Adv. Dir., Dept. 444, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Final Fling



ARE YOU bored with new discoveries in pictures?

I am.

Would you like to see your established favorites in pictures worthy of them instead of watching some newcomer glittering in the middle of a fine production?

I would.

It isn't often that I get myself worked into a froth about anything. But this month I'm all annoyed and bothered.

I've been seeing stellar productions—very fine actors in very poor productions—and I think something ought to be done about them.

Note the pretty picture alongside this bleat. No, it is NOT the editor's picture. It's Harpo Marx's. But I'm just using it to illustrate my own idea of how the average picture producer seems to go about getting somewhere. He feels like Napoleon, but when he jumps on a high horse, he sits backwards and proceeds to ride off in the general direction of nowhere.

Right now there is a clamor about new faces. But what about the faces that the public is interested in, that it would like to see in productions worthy of them?

Jack Oakie is out at Paramount—but think of the last few Oakie pictures. Jack's fault? I doubt it.

Joan Crawford gives up her European vacation to remake "Torch Song" and "This Modern Age." But they are still both sick pictures.

Buddy Rogers is demoted from stardom and put in a supporting rôle in "The Lawyer's Secret," in which he gives a great performance. Whether or not you were a Rogers fan, it would have been difficult to discover if the boy could act in the pictures like "Along Came Youth" that were given him.

Richard Dix, after a series of indifferent pictures at RKO, is pronounced "through." Then they give him "Cimarron," and they say he came back big. I don't believe Richard "came back." I don't think he ever was away. He's always been a good actor, but just as bricks can't be built without straw, so actors can't act without something to act about.

The one thing the motion picture producer has to sell is personality in a surrounding that means entertainment. Some time ago somebody kicked up a fuss because it was said no motion picture company's name was an established trademark. Well, pictures have established trademarks. Those trademarks are star names. The public will go to see almost anything marked Garbo, Shearer, Colman, Chatterton and such. That is, it will "buy" a picture so long as the goods are up to standard, just as it will buy Campbell's Soup, or Ivory Soap, or Colgate's Tooth Paste as long as they are up to standard. When they aren't, the trade is reluctantly taken somewhere else.

But actors can't be canned like so much corned beef. The things they give are temperament and enthusiasm and beauty and brains. And if they have their little foibles, they should certainly be coddled. A contented star gives plenty to the box-office. But how can a star work when, after several seasons on a lot, he sees some newcomer elevated to stardom, given all the publicity, handed the finest stories and the best directors?

For the discovery of a Dietrich, a Jackie Cooper, a Clark Gable, there is rejoicing in the hearts of the fans. But I believe there is a crowd, among whom I'm numbered, who don't want to see our Gary Coopers, our Colmans, our Chattertons and even our Clara Bows neglected.

Ruth Waterbury.

EDITOR.



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IN an amazing way, TANGEE changes color as you apply it to your lips . . . and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring. It is the *one* perfect lipstick for blonde, brunette or red-head!

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*Entirely different! After wetting your hair a spoonful will give you a luxuriously lathering shampoo.

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